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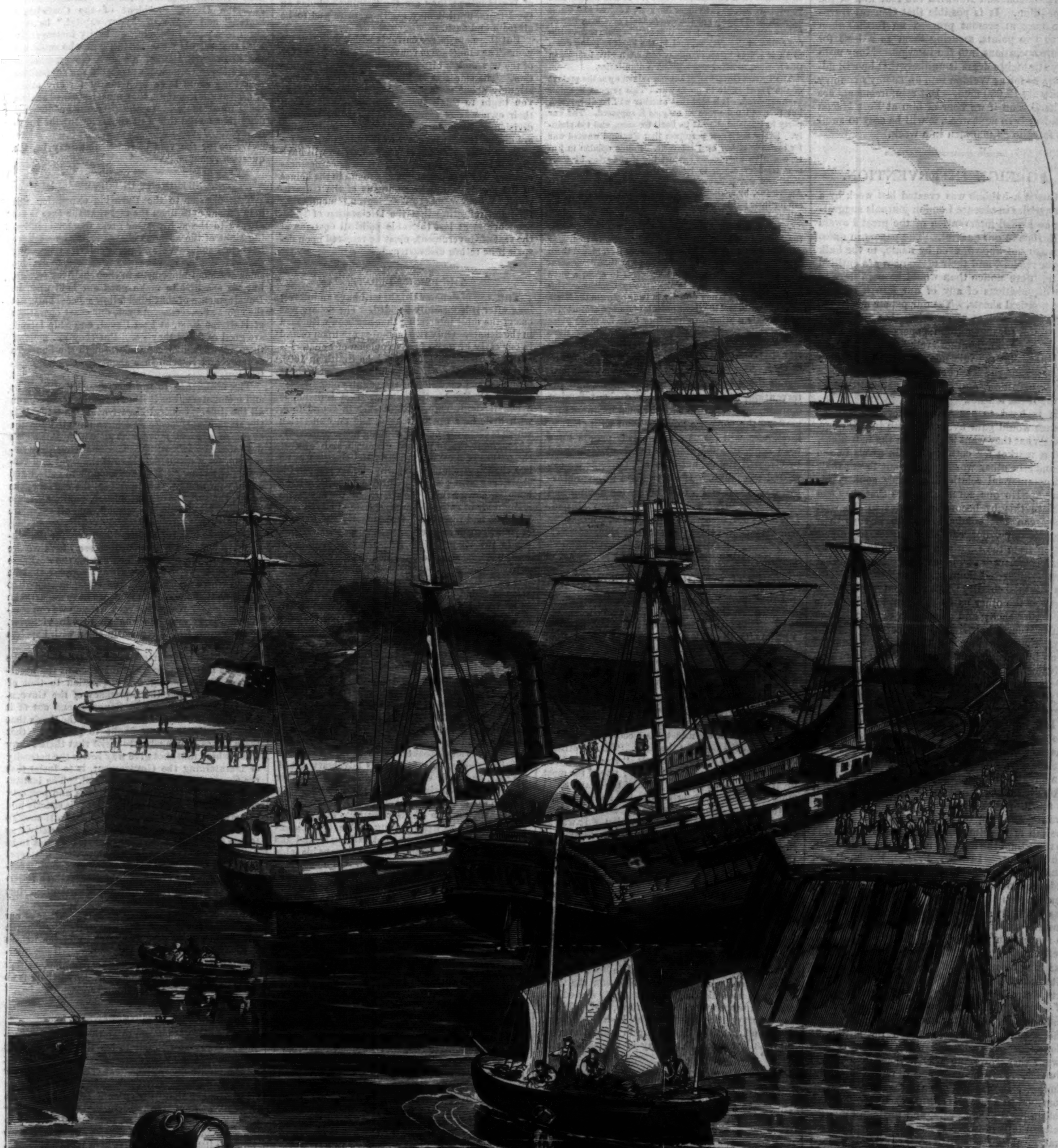

The "Dauntless."
The "Moultan."
The "Nashville" in Dock.
The "Tuscarora."

THE "NASHVILLE" AND "TUSCARORA" AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.—[See Page 107.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

BURNSIDE AT WORK.

AT length we hear of firing at or near Newbern and Roanoke Island, which indicates that the Burnside expedition, having worked its way through the shallows of Hatteras Inlet, has divided its force, and struck out boldly to the north and south simultaneously. Before these lines reach the public eye full details of the operation will probably have arrived.

We have reason to believe that the main object of Burnside's expedition was to cut off railway communication between Virginia and the Gulf States by occupying Weldon, while General Thomas seized the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad in the neighborhood of Greenville.

If this theory be sound, the attack on Roanoke Island is a false one, and the movement upon Fort Macon and Newbern the real aim of the expedition. It is possible that General Burnside may at present proceed no further than these two points, securing them as a base for future operations into the interior. Many military strategists deem it unlikely that he will advance so far as Weldon into an enemy's country with only 12,000 men. But reinforcements are at hand, and if we hear of him at Fort Macon and Newbern next week, it will be easy to swell his force to 25,000 men in a week.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

QUITE a hubbub was created last week by a few articles in obscure London journals suggesting an armed intervention of the great Powers of Europe in our quarrel. The papers in question are not known, even by name, to the bulk of our readers, and their utterances are entitled to no more notice than would be paid here to the disquisitions of any of our fourth or fifth rate political sheets. Yet our people are so absurdly sensitive to every thing that is said of them abroad, and foreign papers are somehow regarded as so much more reliable than journals at home, that the idle nonsense of the London *Observer* and the Manchester *Guardian* disturbed men's digestion, and caused a general decline in the stock market.

It is hard to see what either England or France would gain by intervening in our quarrel. What they want is cotton in the first place, and a market for cotton and silk goods in the second: in other words, they want to see their old commercial relations with this country restored. No one surely supposes that they can achieve this by becoming parties to the war. They can not bombard us into buying their manufactures, nor can they expect to import cotton from the Southern States in the teeth of our privateers and our armies. The war has already deprived them of one half their customers in this country; intervention would strip them of the other half. Their true policy is to hasten a peace; and as soon as our armies begin to "earn their living," as Secretary Stanton says, they will perceive that this can best be done by ceasing to afford shelter to Southern privateers and to lionize rebels. No other kind of intervention would be either safe or politic, or reconcilable with the interests of their commerce.

International usage is very clear in regard to the intervention of one power in the domestic quarrels of another. Seventy-five years ago such interventions were common, and England, the great bully of the world, was excessively prone to them. She spent over $5,000,000,000 in an intervention against Napoleon the First. France, again, in 1823, intervened in Spain, and the fall of the Bourbon dynasty was partly due to the odium the measure reflected on the French Government. In 1827, France, England, and Russia intervened in Greece, and secured its independence. The consequence of this intervention was the Crimean war. In fact, there has not been an intervention of any kind for a century which has not been productive of injury to the nation intervening. This principle is so well understood in Europe that non-intervention has long been a cardinal principle of European international polity. Some of the British papers draw fancied analogies between the affair of Greece and Turkey and the rebellion of the Southern States. If the analogy existed it would afford the best possible reason for letting us alone, for every European statesman is well aware that Navarino was a gigantic political blunder. But the cases are, in fact, widely dissimilar. Greece had been struggling for freedom against a brutal, God-forsaken, Moslem despotism for six long years, and for many months before the battle of Navarino the Turkish general, Ibrahim Pacha, had been causing the blood of all Christians to curdle in their veins by cropping the ears of every male Greek upon whom he could lay his hands, and selling the young girls into Turkish harems—dealing with his enemy, in fact, much as the officers of the British army dealt with their enemy in the Indian rebellion of 1857. Even our English critics will admit that no such horrors have taken place here.

A favorite falsehood of the British newspaper writers is to assert that France is urging England to break the blockade. Not a line or a word in support of this theory is to be found in any French paper; and there is, in fact, no reasonable ground for supposing that the sagacious sovereign of France is really pursuing so unwise a course. The silk manufacturers of Lyons are distressed, it is true, by the falling off in the demand for French silks at the North. But it is hardly the right way to remedy this mischance to go to war with us about it. In illustration of the real sentiment of France, we beg to refer to the following article from a late number of the Paris *Charivari*—a paper which, though professedly humorous, always contains a serious political article in every number, and which is probably the most popular and astute journal in Paris:

[From the Paris *Charivari*, January 11.]

The Anglo-American quarrel has been terminated by the surrender of Mason and Slidell; peace is secured, and the British aristocracy, which was bent on war for its own purposes, is going to be somewhat embarrassed by this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel. The American democracy has won a substantial victory. It has proved that politics are not, as the vulgar imagine, a sacred and occult science, which none but the descendants of a long line of nobles can comprehend; but that men in plain coats, without orders or decorations, and in the habit of going down to their offices in an omnibus, can often give lessons, in this respect, to titled and high-born dignitaries.

The British Government eagerly seized upon the pretext of the *Trent* affair to go to war. This pretext has now been removed. It is said that another will be discovered, but this will not prove as easy as is supposed. The war party in England showed its hand too soon, and too plainly. Every body now perceives that England wanted war for the sake of her own interests. Public opinion in Europe will be unanimous against her if she tries, by some new trick or other, to reopen the quarrel. An Anglo-American war is impossible for some time to come. The Americans, by acknowledging their error, and taking reason for their guide instead of passion, have secured this result and proved themselves a strong people.

Thus freed from apprehensions of foreign interference, the Northern States can pursue undisturbedly their war with the South. The *Trent* affair has, in fact, placed them in a better position in regard to the war than they occupied previously, for it has led Congress to adopt a more decided course in regard to the slavery question. This matter of slavery is now directly in issue between the North and the South, and the Governments of Europe are forced to face directly a principle which they have for many years emphatically recognized and proclaimed. Under these circumstances none of them can recognize the slave confederation, and the Government of England is bound hand and foot. Such is the situation to-day!

Let there be no more talk about foreign intervention, and no more concern about foreign opinion. If we attend to our own business and perform the work we have in hand with energy, foreigners will let us alone. Our people have been sadly disappointed by the course pursued by Great Britain; but after all, perhaps we expected too much. If we succeed in our enterprise, we shall feel all the better for having had no help, even of a moral kind, from abroad. If we do our own work rightly, foreign opinion will very soon range itself on our side.

DEATH OF JOHN STROTHER.

JOHN STROTHER, the father of our correspondent "PORTE CRAYON," who is now an engineer in the United States Army, died at Berkeley Springs, Virginia, on the 16th of January. A week before, the Confederates under Jackson and Charles J. Faulkner, late Minister to France, made a descent upon Berkeley Springs, destroyed the cottage of "Porte Crayon," and cut to pieces many of his paintings. They took possession of the large hotel of the elder Strother, destroyed much of his property, using chairs and bureaus for fire-wood, although the village is in the midst of a wood—Mr. Strother lying ill in the house at the time. "Mr. Strother," writes one who knew him well, "was one of the noblest and most unselfish of men; one of the most loyal to the cause of right; one of the bravest and most unflinching supporters of what he believed to be the truth. He was always a decided Unionist, and a dauntless opponent of Secession. It was at the suggestion of Faulkner that the property of the Strothers was occupied and destroyed. For thirty years he and John Strother had lived in the village of Martinsburg, and had much to do with each other—Strother as clerk of the Courts, and Faulkner as a practicing attorney. Faulkner, than whom a more unprincipled and cunning scoundrel does not live, had often been foiled in his villainies by Strother, who stood between him and his intended victims, and thus earned his undying hate, which he sought the earliest moment to gratify, even while his foe lay at death's door. And so it has ended—for the time. The good man dies in the midst of his wasted and outraged property, while the knave, and traitor to the country whose representative he had just been, jaunts off with the rebel army in which he acted as volunteer aid. But a day of reckoning is at hand."

THE LOUNGER.

THE TONE OF WASHINGTON.

FOR the last few months it has been a proverb that to go to Washington is to be disheartened. There was a cheap wit current in the spring that the Government had not yet found out that there was a war. And the other evening, when the music and the dance were unconfined at Willard's, a gloomy man passed beneath the hall and declared that he should like to throw stones at the windows. There is no earnestness here, said a desponding friend to the Lounger, as they watched the officers caracoling upon their horses or whirling in the waltz.

But of course in every war there are a thousand interests of the purest selfishness. There are all the contracts, the jobs, the chances of private emolument. These are to be settled and secured at the capital. And therefore you see so many sharks shoveling through society there. Then the gay young foreign officers of the staffs over the river, who take part in our war, not from any particular knowledge or conviction, but from the desire of military experience and the love of adventure, bring with them all the military traditions of Europe, love and gayety fringing the skirt of war, and they frolic, and dance, and sing:

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?"

And where there are gay young foreign officers, and gay young domestic officers, with all the freshness and none of the sorrow of martial prestige, will there not be glittering throngs of girls and women, whom nature made to love epaulets—not because they are epaulets, but because they are the symbols of danger and heroism and glory?

These are all thrown up upon the very surface of Washington; they are the flashing bubbles on the stream, until it may easily seem to you to be all foam and flash.

But there are deeper currents which may trouble you. The difference of conviction as to the conduct of the war makes bitter accusation and recrimination. The sincerest and most loyal men differ so strongly about methods, and talk so sharply, that you begin to think they value success less than their own way of success. This creates seeming division, until again you understand why so many are disheartened who come to Washington.

Yet a little reflection before you arrive will have prepared you for all these things. The earnestness of every war is to be sought and found in the homes of the people, not in the bureaus of the Government. Whoever goes to Washington remembering this, and reflecting that the Declaration of Independence is at last tolerable political doctrine at the seat of Government, must be resolved upon despair if he return disheartened.

THE BRIGHT DEBATE.

THE case of Senator Bright will have an interest long after it is formally decided. The debate was one of the most interesting that has been witnessed in the Senate. Only two instances are upon record in our early history of the expulsion of Senators—William Blount in 1796, and John Smith in 1808. But the present case had a peculiar interest because of the critical condition of the country.

Jesse D. Bright, the Senator from Indiana, is a heavily-built man, with a smooth round face, with little hair upon his head, and an expression which is certainly neither winning nor conciliatory. Throughout the important debate, which was of the nature of a capital trial, for the charge was no less than treasonable sympathy, he sat erect in his chair, one arm generally thrown back, the hand hanging down behind the chair, and his face, with a slight air of sullen defiance, turned upon the Senator who had the floor. Occasionally Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, or some other extreme partisan friend, sat in the chair by his side and conversed with him, but generally he remained in an almost painful isolation.

The interest of the galleries was profound. They were crowded on all sides, and during the speech of General Lane, of Indiana, the colleague of Mr. Bright, the involuntary applause which followed one of his passionate rhetorical periods caused one gallery to be cleared. But it was presently refilled, and offended no more. The Senate itself is surely a most trying body to address. The members are incessantly walking about, talking, unfolding and reading newspapers, writing letters, clapping for the pages, franking books and documents, and doing every thing but listening to the speaker. Frequently the Senator who is addressing the Chair, wishing to bring a point or a reply sharply home upon a previous speaker, turns toward him with upraised finger, only to find his adversary out of his seat, or closely engaged in chatting with other Senators, or intently reading a pamphlet with his back to the orator. One Senator, immediately before whom sat two of his colleagues quietly conversing while he was speaking, suddenly exclaimed, in a low tone, "Stop that talking!" and the Vice-President's warning hammer thumps his table often at the most interesting moment of a speech to stop the hum of inattention.

When Mr. Bright rose to address the Senate in his own defense there was general silence. He was evidently full of mingled emotions of anger, doubt, and apprehension. He stood erect, and with a high, exasperating, and monotonous voice began. It was universally admitted that his speech greatly injured his cause. Its tone was contemptuous even to insolence; and whoever heard him that day heard the last expiring strain of the domineering style of the Southern orators—the latest wheeze of the slave-driving Senatorial manner. There are dogs in Italy that outlive both their teeth and voices, but not their viciousness. When they can no longer run, they lie upon the ground and make all the movements of barking, but emit no sound. Mr. Bright fiercely shook his finger at Senator Sumner. "I have had no personal relations whatever with the Senator from Massachusetts: and that Senator would not have dared—no, Sir, he would not have *dared*" (and here the voice of the speaker became thick with hate)—"to say the things he has said of me here to-day, except that he knew that I stood alone and friendless, and he surrounded by his allies." Later he spoke of the "mad abolition horde led by that Senator," which had ruined the country.

Oh, Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, Senator Sumner spoke of you calmly in debate; but when you and your allies possessed the Capitol, the city, the District, the neighboring States, and, as you fondly believed, the whole country, you and your allies entered that chamber, and struck to the floor with a bludgeon the Senator whom you now accuse of wounding you with words!

The position of Senators Harris, of New York, and Foster, of Connecticut, with Cowan, of Pennsylvania, and Ten Eyck, of New Jersey, was very trying. They are all most loyal men, and the first two most earnest Republicans. They were all members of the Judiciary Committee, which reported against Mr. Bright's expulsion unanimously, with the exception of Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois. The pressure upon these four gentlemen to change their votes was extreme. But they had an honest conviction that, however treasonable Mr. Bright's sympathies might be, the evidence of the letter was not sufficient to establish it. It was, so far, a judicial question. For to their minds the point was not whether Mr. Bright was an unsafe counselor for the President, but whether the letter proved it. As Senator Harris said, "If this were a political question I should certainly vote with my friends."

To one who heard the debate, and who remembers the circumstances of the time and the antecedents of Mr. Bright, all of which must be taken to interpret the letter, it is clear that when he sent a man with improved fire-arms to "His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States," and spoke of "your capital," he sent them to a person claiming authority incompatible with that of this Government, and who could use the arms only against his own Government or some other. Circumstances forbid the supposition that they could have been meant for any other. If used at all, therefore, they must be turned against the United States. Is the person who does not deny that he did this a fit counselor for the President?

Whatever the vote of the Senate may be, the question remains.

NUTRIMENT IN POISONS.

THE disaster to the Burnside expedition will help fix our eyes upon the fact that the race is not always to the swift. Our great danger is in losing sight of the arduous character of the work we have in hand. We are, practically, an invading power. We hope and expect, of course, to develop some National movement in the rebellious section, but we are first to make good our hold upon it. Developments of that kind follow success only, not the effort at success. As yet, our coast operations at Hatteras Inlet, at Port Royal, and Ship Island, are good as far as they go. But they are none of them blows which resound through the Southern country and re-echo in a shout of awakening patriotism.

The misfortune to the last expedition is slight and momentary, but it illustrates the risks we run all the time. General Napier said, "a General is the slave of fortune." We have put all upon the event of a great movement of which Burnside's fleet was the left wing. The left wing flaps uncertain, for a moment. How if the right and centre do the same? It is not enough to collect and equip your army. The weather, the country, the roads, the sun, the winds, disease, panic, all these are to be taken into the account, and all these are incalculable.

Of course it is so, and even more so, for the other side; but we are first of all to see where we are weak ourselves, and then look out for the weakness of the enemy. We must always suppose that he knows where we are weak, and is strong enough to strike us there. For the work we have undertaken we need every resource, every weapon we can command. It is even not enough to win victories. The foe must feel that we win them with hopeless superiority.

It will not be unfortunate for us, therefore, if the delay at Hatteras shall enforce upon us the necessity of subordinating every question to that of speedily achieving the supremacy of the Government. The gentlemen in Congress and out of it who so laboriously strive to support the thesis that Abolition is secession, ought to remember that there comes a time when to insist that there is any thing which must not give way before the necessity of maintaining the Government, is to insist that the Government shall be destroyed. The institution of slavery, like the right of life and property and personal liberty and free speech, is strictly and utterly subordinate to the national salvation. To talk of carrying on the war "constitutionally," as if that implied that the system of slavery was to be untouched, is as silly as to declare that, if a rebel is shot in the field, the war is not conducted "constitutionally." For his right to his slave is certainly no more protected by the Constitution than his right to his life.

Let every reverse, then, abate the fervor of our differences upon this point, and unite us all in the great resolution, that, if the right of the habeas corpus, and of property, and of life shall not interfere with the suppression of the rebellion, neither shall the right of holding slaves. And there is no harm in saying so if you think so.

THE CAPITOL BAKERY.

IF you should happen to go to Washington during the war do not fail to see the bakery at the Capitol. It is by no means the least interesting of the public institutions. It certainly is not the least useful.

Remember that you enter it from the outside. A party of Loungers tried to find some inner descent from the upper floor, but it was impossible. So we went down the main steps, and turned in behind the little pond, which is kept in a marble case, and looked inquiringly at the door of what, in buildings not so grand as the Capitol, we should call the basement. A courteous somebody, in military garb, smiled and said, "Come in!" Then we advanced boldly, and the military somebody passed us over, with an amused air, to a serious civic and civil gentleman who most kindly accompanied us through the bakery.

It occupies the rooms which were the committee-rooms of Congress in the days when there was republican simplicity in the Capitol, and before we had borrowed, for the decoration of our public halls and passages, the gay arabesques of the Golden House of Nero, and the light dancers of Pompeii. Down the chief staircase which our historic men descended, there were planks laid, and barrels of flour were rolling from the storehouse above. Turning off into a side-passage, full of the delicious odor of newly-baked bread, we entered a small vaulted room. There were two huge ovens in it, each baking two hundred loaves. The door was opened, and we looked in upon the murky, hot, fragrant spectacle. Opposite the ovens, against the wall, were the huge troughs full of "sponge," or flour ready for baking, looking already good enough to eat. The bakers, in their paper caps, were busily at work, looking up at us as we moved about. This was the room in which John Quincy Adams lay in state after his death.

The next was like it. There were the ovens, and the troughs, and the busy bakers, and every where the sweet smell and the high piles of bread. There are fourteen ovens, that bake two hundred loaves apiece. Six or seven ovens, that bake eight hundred apiece. They use two hundred and fifty barrels of flour daily; nineteen hundred gallons of yeast; and fifty thousand loaves of bread are daily baked. They are turned out usually in sheets of fifteen loaves, and each loaf is a ration of bread, weighing, I think, twelve ounces. In one of the delivery rooms we saw three thousand loaves, rations for three regiments. An army wagon was before the window, and the agent was passing out the supply. In another room half a dozen men were making the yeast, mashing and mixing in smoking barrels. Here, as every where, there was the utmost cleanliness, activity, and quiet. And the bread, the result of all this labor, is so good and palatable that you can not help wishing that the work and the results, in every Department of the Government, might be modeled upon those of the Capitol Bakery.

The ovens that bake the eight hundred loaves at once are upon the outside of the building, under the great steps. To look in upon them, and see the rounded tops of the loaves, is like looking at a Hottentot kraal or village with its mounded huts. And all the persons connected with the Bakery whom we saw were so willing and intelligent, that again we said, as we turned out from the Capitol to the wide panorama before it, and all the public buildings: "Why, too, might not all the officers and agents of each department, as well as the work and the results, be modeled upon those of the Capitol Bakery?"

A WORD FOR JUSTICE.

Even those who believe General Frémont to be incompetent do not think that he has been fairly treated. A case of asphyxia was intended. He was to be smothered. He had been recalled from Missouri, and came to New York. There he remained until the Committee upon the Conduct of the War summoned him to Washington. He went and gave his testimony. It was not published, and the Committee were understood to think it inexpedient to report. Meanwhile a Major-General of the United States Army, recalled under a cloud of injurious rumors, holding his tongue with a resolution that no American citizen has even emulated, remains without orders, the object of obloquy, until at length the impression is forced upon the public mind that he is so utterly incapable that the authorities, from regard to him and to his previous position, are unwilling to expose him, and so suffer him to disappear from our history in dumb disgrace.

When the late Secretary Cameron and Adjutant-General Thomas returned from the West, the latter published the indictment against General Frémont, while that officer was still in command of his department. The then Secretary of War assumed the responsibility of the publication. The removal of General Frémont followed. He has now made his defense, and the Committee are believed to think it inexpedient to publish it. There are, therefore, but three courses for the General to pursue: He may remain absolutely silent, leaving a blasted name to his country and his children, he may publish his statement; or he may call a Court of Inquiry.

The first course no honorable man could demand of him. The third is attended with serious inconveniences and delays at a moment when time is invaluable. The second is the course which he owes to his friends and to himself. It makes the people his jury. He throws himself literally upon his country. And the statement may, it must, be made calmly. It must be made, not as the manifest of any discontented faction, but simply as his own justification. There he may leave it. Then, if he receives no orders, he may retire quietly to Mariposa, conscious that his duty is done; that his country may now see whether or not he served her wisely so long as he served at all; and resolved that no wrong of his own, if wrong there be, shall result in injury to his country.

Every fair, frank man will see the justice of this course. If, indeed, a trial could be had at once, it would be better, as seeming to be more impartial, that his defense should be submitted to a Court. But the most important witnesses could not leave their duty to appear, and his case might not come to trial until the war were well over. General Thomas, with the consent of Secretary Cameron, accused General Frémont before the country. Why should he not reply to the country?

POPULAR FAITH.

The youth of this nation shows itself in nothing more than in its ready faith. And it is a most cheering and hopeful sign; for a cold, critical, skeptical people is always in danger.

The latest illustration of our ready faith is our enthusiastic adhesion to the new Secretary of War. Suddenly Secretary Cameron was removed and Mr. Edwin M. Stanton was called to his place. "Mr. Stanton! Mr. Stanton!" exclaims the public, "who on earth is Mr. Stanton? What is he? What is he likely to do?" The reply came that he had been Mr. Buchanan's last Attorney-General, and that he was a good Union man, and that "things would now go ahead!" "Things will go ahead, will they?" cried the dear old public; "hurrah for Stanton!" And there is the profoundest popular conviction that we have at last the right man in the right place.

There is the same unquestioning faith in General M'Clellan He modestly says that he has yet to win his laurels, but we insist upon piling whole forests upon his head. Comparatively unknown until the war began, there was a sudden series of rushing victories in Western Virginia—skirmishes, indeed, but successful; and when General M'Dowell, in whom we had the fullest faith, was unfortunate at Bull Run, who but General M'Clellan could fill his place? Then when General Scott, who doubtless saved us last March, and in whom we had the fullest faith, retired, who but General M'Clellan could be commander-in-chief?

It is a hopeful, happy sign, for it shows the elasticity of the popular mind. How curious the experience at Bull Run was! Up to that day it was the universal conviction that General Scott knew every thing the enemy did or meant to do; that he would not move until he was ready, and would then move to overwhelming victory. That was the explanation of the general confidence and exultation when the "*grande armée*" advanced toward Manassas. It was "a sure thing," as the newsboys say. For that reason also the revulsion consequent upon the defeat was so terrible. General Scott was practically deserted as a leader; but the popular faith remained, if only an object could be found, and it poured itself as lavishly upon his successor as it had upon himself.

That faith is the spring of hope for the future. If this man does not answer, why, that man is the very one. If he fails, why, this other is the man we have been looking for. It shows an indomitable spirit. It shows that every man will have the fairest trial before the people. Even General Frémont, who seems the victim of unfair treatment, could not charge it upon the people of the country. They are ready to do him the justice that they mete to all others. And even if their judgment is adverse, the past shows that we are not Carthaginians. We do not slay our generals because they are unfortunate.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Sawney and his Lawyer.—In a Scotch town lately, a man from the country applied to a respectable lawyer for advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Ou ay, Sir," rejoined the applicant; "I thocht it best to tell you the plain truth; you can pit the *lies* till't yersel'."

A gentleman passing by a country church while under repair, observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job. "Yes, Sir," he replied; "and I think we shall accomplish what our worthy minister has so long vainly tried; that is, to bring the whole parish to repentance."

"My brudders," said a waggish darkey to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your trubbles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy." "Whar? Whar?" shouted several of his auditors. "In de dictionary!" he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

A Toast.—At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, spades will always win."

"My dear boy," said a country schoolmaster to a promising scholar, whose quarter was up, "does your father design that you should tread the intricate and thorny path of a profession, the strait and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amidst the flowery fields of literature?" "No, Zur," replied the prodigy; "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatur patch."

A squad of Indiana volunteers out scouting came across a female in a log-cabin in the mountains. After the usual salutations one of them asked her: "Well, old lady, are you a secessionist?" "No," was her answer. "Are you Unionist?" "No." "What are you, then?" "A Baptist, and always have been."

The following is a copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West: "Subjecks of diskusion. is dansin' moralle rong? Is the reedin' of fictishus wurks commendible? Is it necessary that femails shud reseave a thurry literary educashun? Ort femails to taik parts in polytix? Duz dress constitute the moril parts of wimin?"

Mr. Rock, the comedian, once advised a scene-shifter to get a subscription on receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said, "Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?" "Is it me you mean?" said Rock; "why, zounds, man, didn't I give you the hint?"

There is a self-will that would break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

Those only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

A lunatic in an asylum was informed by his brother that considerable property had fallen to the family, and asked what disposition should be made of his portion. "You let me out, and I'll take care of it," was the reply.

Little Boy. "What's the use of an eclipse?"
Astronomer. "Oh, it gives the sun time for reflection."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, January 28, in the Senate, a petition in favor of the restoration of the warehousing system was presented by Senator Harris. A petition from citizens of Illinois, asking Congress not to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, and asking for the expulsion of members who advocate it, was presented by Senator Saulsbury. The petition also asks that the title of General be taken from General Frémont, and that his frauds in the Western Department be exposed. A resolution was offered by Senator Foster, of Connecticut, and adopted, asking the Secretary of the Treasury whether any further legislation is necessary in order to take charge of the cotton and other lands of South Carolina, now in possession of the Government, and to place them under cultivation, and also in relation to the blacks in these localities. A bill to define the pay and emoluments of certain officers of the army was introduced by Senator Wilson, and referred. A bill to provide for the revision and consolidation of the statutes of the United States, was introduced by Senator Sumner, and referred. The bill to authorize the President to take possession of certain railroads and telegraph lines, was taken up and debated at considerable length.—In the House, consideration of the Executive, Judicial, and Legislative Appropriation bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole, but after some debate was laid aside for the special order—the bill to authorize the issue of United States Treasury Notes, and for the redemption and funding thereof, and for the funding of the floating debt of the United States. Mr. Spaulding, of New York, addressed the House in explanation of the provisions and objects of the bill. A bill to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States was introduced by Roscoe Conkling, of New York, and referred to the Special Committee on that subject.

On Wednesday, 29th, in the Senate, Mr. John B. Henderson, appointed Senator from Missouri, in place of the rebel Trusten Polk, was qualified and took his seat. The resolution relative to breaking up the line-of-battle ships *Alabama* and *Virginia* was referred. The joint resolution amending the rules so as to allow secret sessions of either House on subjects pertaining to the suppression of the rebellion was passed. The consideration of the resolution regarding the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, was then resumed, and a lively debate ensued, which continued until the Senate went into executive session.—In the House, the bill making the usual appropriations for the executive, legislative, and judicial expenses of the Government was passed, with an amendment that nothing in the act shall prevent hereafter a reduction of salaries, and that mileage shall be allowed to Congressmen for each regular session only. The Senate bill authorizing the President to take possession of railroads and telegraph lines in certain cases was passed by a vote of 113 against 28. In Committee of the Whole the Demand Treasury Note bill was called up, and Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, made a speech on the subject. At the conclusion of his remarks the Army bill was taken up, and Mr. Gurley, of Ohio, delivered a speech, urging a forward movement of the Union armies.

On Thursday, 30th, in the Senate, petitions in favor of a general bankrupt law, and in relation to General Siegel, were presented and referred. Resolutions were adopted directing inquiry as to the expediency of requiring ship-masters sailing to foreign ports to take the oath of allegiance. The Military Committee were directed to inquire into the management of the army hospitals, and report what legislation is necessary to correct any abuses existing therein. A bill providing for the construction of a military railroad from Kentucky to Tennessee was reported. The consideration of the resolution regarding the expulsion of Senator Bright was renewed, and Senators Howe and Wilmot spoke on the subject.—In the House, the bill to pay the expenses incurred by States in enrolling, fitting out, and transporting troops was laid on the table by a vote of 83 to 42. The consideration of the Treasury Note bill was postponed. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, replied to the remarks of Mr. Gurley upon the conduct of the war, answering the general charges of the latter against General M'Clellan. The House then passed the Army Appropriation bill, as originally reported, and adjourned.

On Friday, 31st, in the Senate, the bill striking the names of rebels from the pension roll was passed. The bill prohibiting American citizens from engaging in the Coolie traffic was passed. The report of the Conference Committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was accepted, and the bill passed. The joint resolution appropriating thirty-five thousand dollars for the conveyance of articles for exhibition at the London World's Fair was discussed, and rejected by a vote of 17 yeas against 22 nays. The consideration of the resolution relative to the expulsion of Senator Bright was then resumed, and Senators Johnson, Foster, and Kennedy made speeches on the subject.—In the House, the consideration of the Treasury Note bill was postponed. The Indian and Post-office Appropriation bills were reported and referred, and the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill passed. The Committee on Commerce were directed to inquire as to the expediency of prohibiting the exportation of oak timber. The Committee on Military Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of placing contracts for army and navy supplies, including arms, under the rule and government of military law, or the rules and articles for the government of the navy, with power to punish for fraud and infidelity. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, delivered a speech complaining of the tardy manner in which the war is conducted.

On Monday, February 3, in the Senate, a petition was presented from citizens of New York asking that Congress take speedy measures to repeal the so-called Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States; and Senator Chandler offered a resolution, which was laid over under the rules, that the Committee on Commerce inquire into the expediency of immediately notifying Great Britain that the Reciprocity Treaty is not reciprocal, and that it be terminated at the earliest possible moment. Senator Chandler presented resolutions from the Legislature of Michigan reaffirming loyalty to the Government and hatred of traitors, and asking the Government to speedily put down the insurrection; also favoring the confiscation of the property of the rebels; and asking that, as slavery is the cause of the war, it be swept from the land. Senator Harris presented resolutions from the Legislature of New York asking a modification of the law for raising revenue, so that any amount may be raised by any State by any mode of taxation except duties on imports; that each State be allowed to assume the amount of tax, and assess for the payment and collect the same according to its own laws and by its own officers. Referred. The Senate held an executive session, and afterward adjourned.—In the House, Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire and report concerning the statement that five Illinois regiments laid down their arms in token of their refusal to assist in carrying on the war on the platform of the abolitionists. The bill making an appropriation for completing the defenses of Washington was then taken up, and the Senate's amendment thereto, providing for the disbandment of volunteer corps termed Home Guards, gave rise to a warm discussion relative to the border States, and finally the amendment was rejected by a vote of 55 against 86. The consideration of the Treasury Note bill was then resumed, and Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and Mr. Hooper, of Massachusetts, made speeches on the subject.

THE LATEST FROM HATTERAS.

The steamer *Ericsson*, on her way from Key West, arrived at Fortress Monroe on Friday evening, bringing in tow the *John Trucks* with the d'Epineuil Zouaves (Fifty-third New York) on board. She found the *Trucks* at sea disabled, and the men suffering from a short allowance of biscuits and water, and, at their request, helped them along to Fortress Monroe. The report from the Burnside expedition, at Hatteras, is, that the fleet was about to start for its destination. Most of the vessels had gone in the direction of Roanoke Island. A great panic is said to exist in Norfolk and Richmond in regard to the expedition.

BURNSIDE AT WORK.

By the arrival of the United States bark *Gemsbok*, at Fortress Monroe, from the Southern coast on Sunday, we learn that heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Beaufort or Newbern, North Carolina, on the 28th ult., and that at nine o'clock on the morning of the 30th firing was heard in the vicinity of Roanoke Island. The inference among the officers at Fortress Monroe was that the Burnside fleet was making an attack at two points, the vessels probably having divided into two parties—one proceeding up to Core Sound to attack Fort Macon, at Beaufort, and the other up the Neuse River to make a landing of our troops there. If this theory be correct the Burnside expedition has begun its work in earnest.

FORT PULASKI SURROUNDED.

It appears by dispatches received by the Richmond papers from Savannah, that the naval expedition from Port Royal, under Commodore Dupont and General Sherman, has succeeded in getting to the rear of Fort Pulaski. by going round little Tybee Island, and has thus cut off all connection between the fort and the city of Savannah. In some of their dispatches thirteen of our vessels are reported to have got behind Fort Pulaski, while others state that six of our vessels have got to the north end of Wilmington Island, which they shelled in passing. Commodore Tatnall's rebel fleet was said to be at Thunderbolt when the Union vessels made their appearance, but they immediately pushed on to Savannah.

By later dispatches from Savannah it appears that a fleet of small vessels laden with provisions, and commanded by the rebel Commodore Tatnall, was on its way to supply Fort Pulaski when our fleet opened fire on them, and after an engagement of only forty minutes the rebel vessels were beaten and returned toward Savannah.

MOVEMENTS IN MISSOURI.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the swollen streams and bad condition of the roads, our troops in Missouri are making some progress in their advance movements. General Davis is moving toward Lebanon to join General Curtis, having arrived as far as Versailles, Morgan County; General Siegel has left Rolla for the same point, while General Prentiss is also *en route* for that place. The rebel General Price remains still at Springfield, where another terrible battle is expected to take place, unless Price withdraws before the combined divisions of the Union Generals reach there.

AFTER THE "SUMTER."

The Government is actively engaged in forwarding projects for the capture of the rebel privateer *Sumter*, which has just been compelled by the Spanish Government to leave Cadiz, and has gone for protection to Gibraltar. Four steamers and three sailing vessels are now put on her track, and the *Constellation* is fitting out at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for the same duty. The career of this mischievous pirate will, therefore, probably be very soon brought to a close.

PRIVATEERSMEN CONSIDERED PRISONERS OF WAR.

In pursuance of the orders of the State Department respecting the privateersmen, the United States Marshal has removed Captain Baker and nineteen of the crew of the privateer *Savannah* from the City Prison to Fort Lafayette. Under the same order ten of the crews of the privateers *Sumter*, *Florida*, and *Dixie*, were sent to the same destination, all, under the recent instructions of the Government, being treated as prisoners of war.

REBEL SUFFERINGS.

The *Day Book* of the 30th ult. has a long editorial appeal in behalf of the people of Hampton. It says: We are pained to learn that the Hampton soldiers are still suffering for want of many essential articles of comfort and they not only suffer in body but in mind, and their families suffering privations which none of them had ever seen endured by their slaves. The *Day Book* appeals to Virginians to come forward in this time of need, and supply the suffering rebels with those articles they now so essentially need.

REBEL WAILINGS.

The quartette of traitors, the Cobb brothers, Toombs, and Crawford, have recently published an address to the people of Georgia, in which they enumerate the progress of the rebellion, and the share which they have contributed to the iniquitous work. They say: "Our enemy has exhibited an energy, a perseverance, and an amount of resources which we had hardly expected for our destruction, and raised an army which is being disciplined to the unthinking stolidity of regulars. The attempt will be made in early spring to crush us with a giant's grasp by a simultaneous movement along our borders." They think, "with whatever alacrity our people may rush to arms, and with whatever energy our Government may use its resources, we can not expect to cope with our enemy either in numbers, equipments, or munitions of war. To provide against these odds we must look to desperate courage, unflinching daring, and universal self-sacrifice." They recommend "rapid aggressive action, and make our enemies feel, at their own firesides, the horrors of a war brought on by themselves." They close their address by calling upon Providence to help along their evil work. They admit, at the same time, that the prospect of foreign recognition of the Southern Confederacy is a remote one.

PERSONAL.

General Halleck has seized Ex-Governor Claiborne F. Jackson's hemp plantation in Saline County, Missouri, for confiscation.

Ex-Senator Fish and Bishop Ames, the Commissioners appointed by Mr. Stanton to visit our prisoners at the South, have completed their arrangements and have started on their mission.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REPLY TO THE SURRENDER.

Lord Russell has sent a dispatch to Lord Lyons on the *Trent* affair, in which he says:

"Her Majesty's Government having carefully taken into their consideration the liberation of the prisoners, the delivery of them into your hands, and the explanations to which I have just referred, have arrived at the conclusion that they constitute the reparation which her Majesty and the British nation had a right to expect.

"It gives her Majesty's Government great satisfaction to be enabled to arrive at a conclusion favorable to the maintenance of the most friendly relations between the two nations. I need not discuss the modifications in my statement of facts which Mr. Seward says he has derived from the reports of officers of his Government.

"I can not conclude, however, without adverting shortly to the discussions which Mr. Seward has raised upon points not prominently brought into question in my dispatch of the 30th of November. I there objected, on the part of her Majesty's Government, to that which Captain Wilkes had done. Mr. Seward, in his answer, points out what he conceives Captain Wilkes might have done without violating the law of nations.

"It is not necessary that I should here discuss in detail the five questions ably argued by the Secretary of State, but it is necessary that I should say that her Majesty's Government differ from Mr. Seward in some of the conclusions at which he has arrived. And it may lead to a better understanding between the two nations on several points of international law which may during the present contest or at some future time be brought into question, that I should state to you, for communication to the Secretary of State, wherein those differences consist. I hope to do so in a few days

"In the mean time it will be desirable that the commanders of the United States cruisers should be instructed not to repeat acts for which the British Government will have to ask for redress, and which the United States Government can not undertake to justify."

A SPEECH BY MR. GLADSTONE.

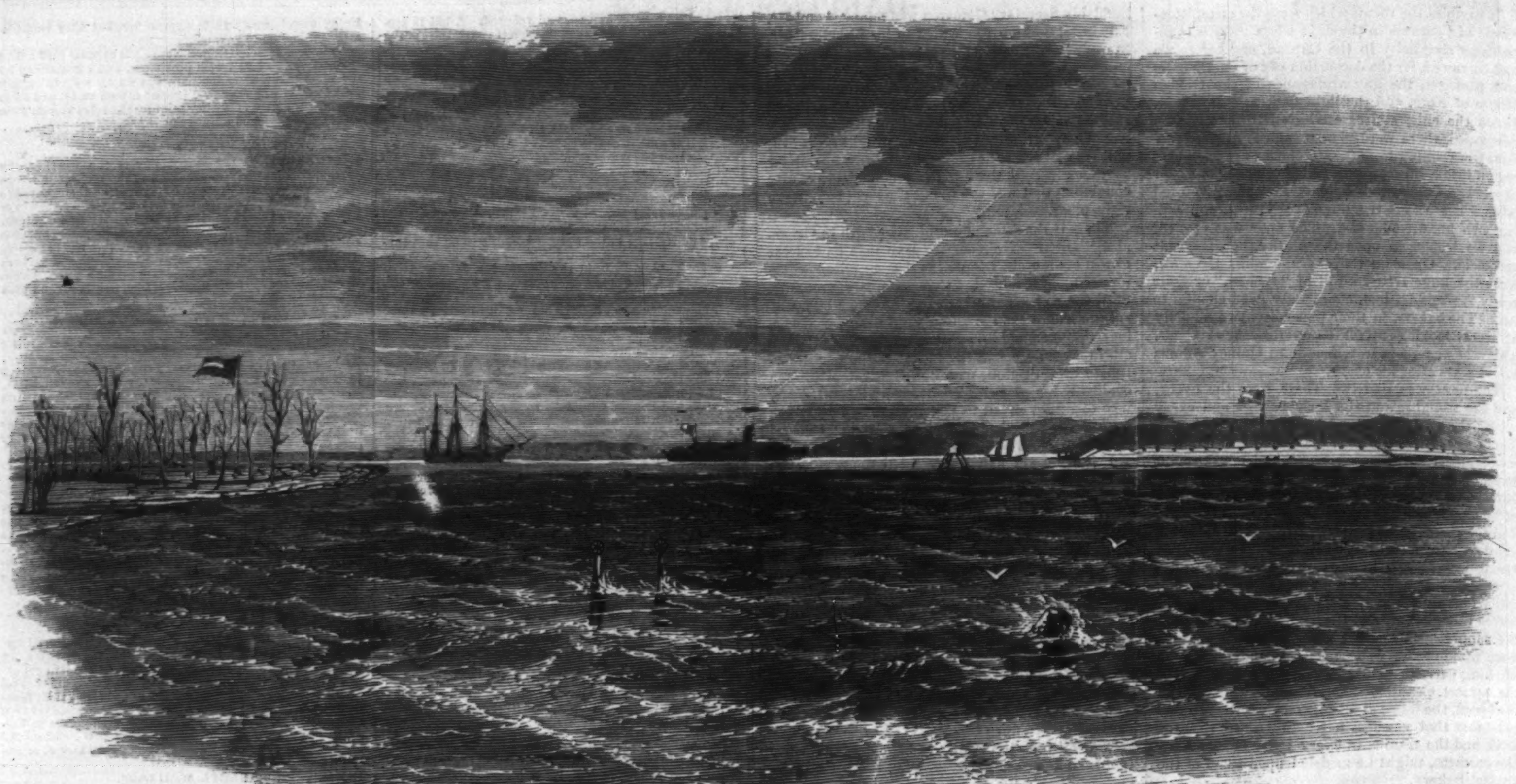
Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has made a speech on American affairs, in which he seems very anxious to allay the war fever which had been so industriously propagated over the country just immediately before. The Chancellor denies that England was ever jealous of our commercial progress, and alludes in terms of thanks to the splendid reception accorded to the Prince of Wales when in this country. He also hinted very plainly at the immense expenditure which had been incurred by England's war movement toward North America.

MORE MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

England is progressing with her preparations for an immense naval and military display in North America. Twelve hundred tons of shell and shot were shipped at Woolwich, on the 17th ult., for Canada, and a number of transports were lying off in order to take a like freight on board. Orders had been given for the manufacture of two millions of Minié bullets weekly at Woolwich, to go on until countermanded. Admiral Sir R. Dacres, in the frigate *Edgar*, is to join Admiral Milne at Halifax.

RECEPTION OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Liverpool is placarded with papers calling on the people not to accord any public reception to Mason and Slidell. The presence of Slidell was anxiously looked for in Paris, while the London *Herald*, the organ of the Opposition, attempts a defense of the public character and conduct of both the envoys, in order to render them acceptable to the people of the two countries.


New Battery at Sewall's Point.
Elizabeth River.
Sloop of War "Germantown."
Sunken Light-ship.
Iron-clad Frigate "Merrimac."
Light Beacon.
Buoy.
Craney Island Battery.

THE IRON-CLAD FRIGATE "MERRIMAC," AND SLOOP OF WAR "GERMANTOWN," OFF CRANEY ISLAND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE "MERRIMAC" COMING OUT.

OUR special correspondent at Fortress Monroe has lately had an opportunity of visiting Craney Island, and has sent us the sketch which we reproduce above. It represents the *Merrimac* and *Germantown*, both vessels stolen from our navy by the rebels, afloat and at anchor off Craney Island, and ready for an excursion toward Fortress Monroe and Newport News. It will be remembered that some weeks since we published a picture of the *Merrimac* in her new appearance, from a sketch drawn by a mechanic on board. It will be seen that her cut and rig are precisely what we depicted. She is understood to be iron-clad and to be armed with ten ten-inch rifled guns. The *Germantown* carries twenty guns. Great preparations are said to be in progress at Fortress Monroe to sink both of them if they venture out.

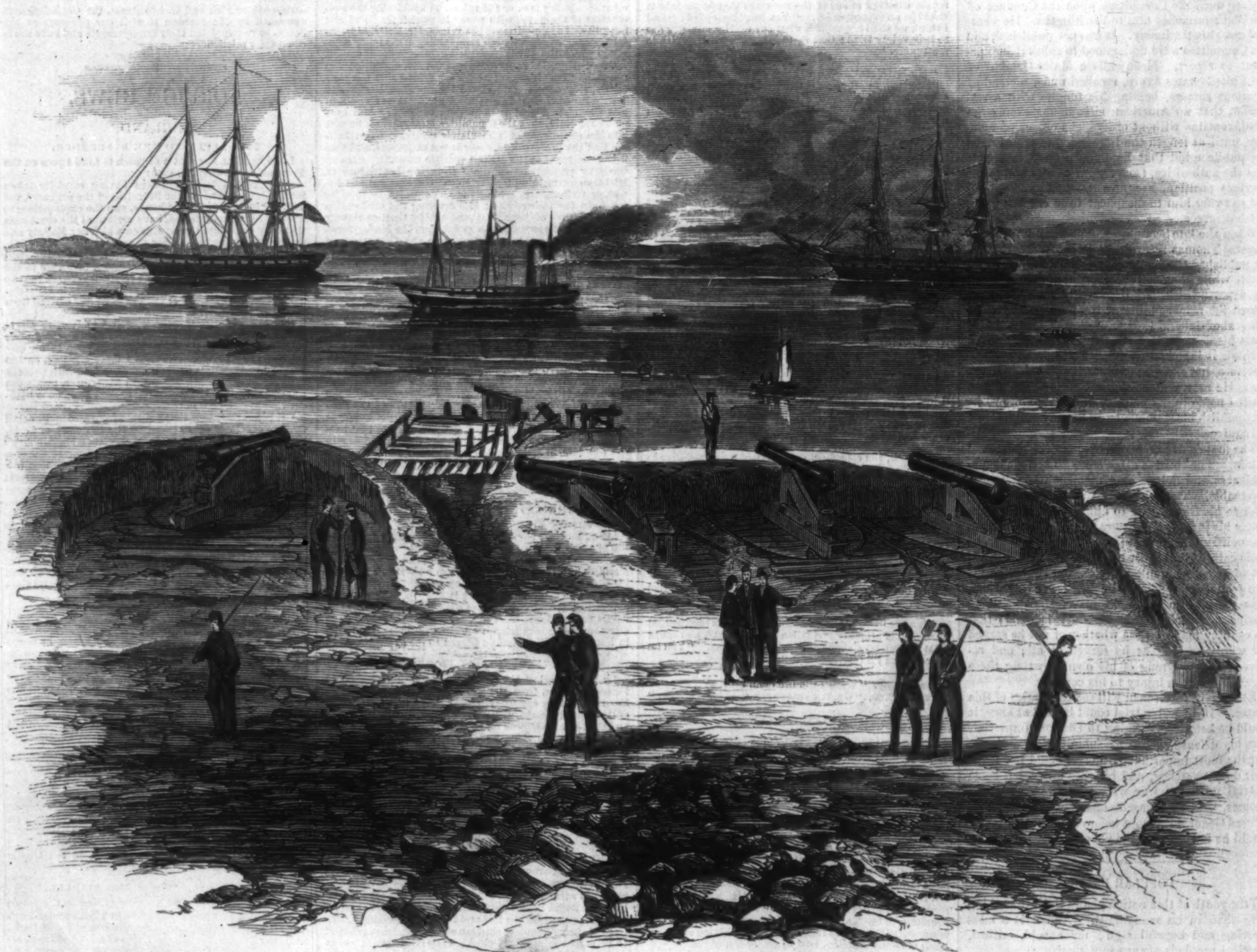
We likewise publish below a picture of the BATTERY AT NEWPORT NEWS, which these ships would have to encounter if they try to come out. Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. J. Kruse, Company K, New York First Volunteers. The battery is a powerful one, and reflects credit on the Vermont volunteers who originally commenced its construction.

A letter in the *Herald* says:

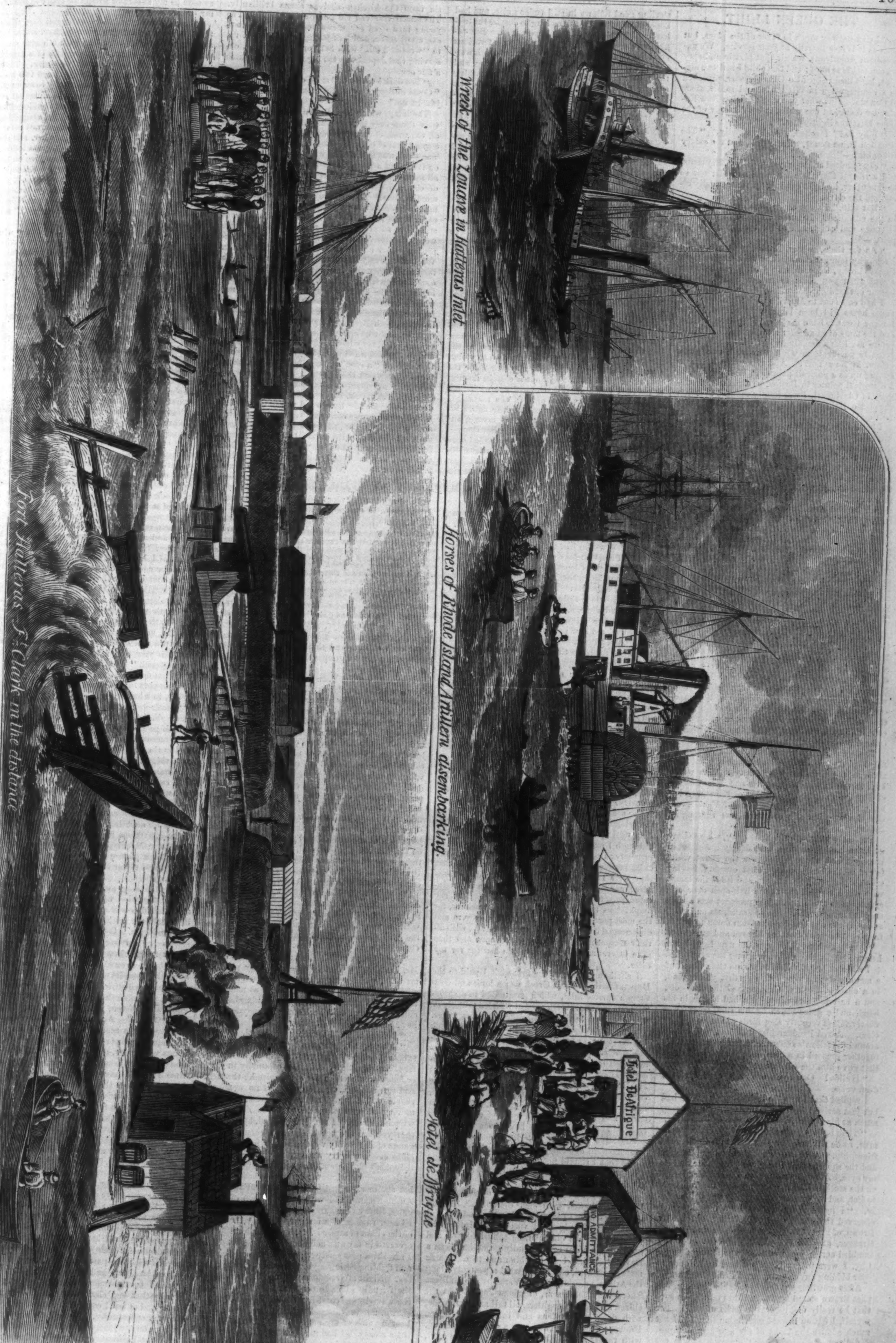
> The latest intelligence we have from Secesh, by way of a flag of truce, is that an iron-clad vessel is lying off Craney Island, evidently awaiting an opportunity to slip her cable, and either put to sea or else engage our vessels in the harbor. Great activity is observed by our fleet in the harbor, and should this rebel craft be so intrepid as to undertake so hazardous an expedition, she will find a warm reception. For the information of the rebels I will state that we have upward of two hundred guns on the shipping in the harbor, and about as many more on the parapets and water-battery of Fortress Monroe, which will not play an unimportant *rôle* in such an engagement. The batteries on the Rip Raps are also to be taken into consideration, and if the rebel craft should even reach this place she would be compelled to come between the Rip Rips and the fort, and then pass four first-class United States war vessels. General Mansfield received notice a day or two ago to be on the *qui vive* for an attack. The veteran General, of course, had his division in apple-pie order, and was prepared to give the enemy a cordial welcome of grape and canister.

We read in the *Commercial Advertiser:*

> The naval officers at this station have trustworthy information that the *Merrimac* is actually ready for service. The sloop-of-war *Plymouth* is off Craney Island, and the rebels are removing the obstructions in the Elizabeth River, so as to allow the *Merrimac* to come down and go up to Newport News to engage the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, now stationed there. When the *Merrimac* comes out the *Yorktown* will come down the James River. It will be a tough engagement. The *Merrimac* mounts ten 100-pounders of the Armstrong pattern. The *Plymouth* mounts fourteen 9-inch navy guns. She will be assisted by a fleet of small boats, each armed with rifled guns.
>
> We are ready for them. The ships here on our side are the *Minnesota*, 44; *Roanoke*, 44; *Jamestown*, 20; *Monticello*, 6; a bark, 6; and several tug-boats, each with rifled guns. At Newport News there are the *Congress*, 50; *Cumberland*, 24; and *Dawn*, 5.



THE UNION BATTERY AT NEWPORT NEWS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. J. KRUSE, COMPANY K, FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.]


Fort Hatteras Ft. Clark in the distance

Wreck of the Louisiana in Hatteras Inlet

Horses of Rhode Island Artillery disembarking

Hotel de Afrique
Hotel De Afrique
NO ADMITTANCE

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION AT HATTERAS INLET.—SKETCHED BY MR. ANGELO WISER.—[SEE PAGE 111.]

THE GREEN LIGHT.

"I can not say much in favor of the place, but such as it is it is heartily at your service. We native-born Americans, we air that plastic and spry we can tackle to most; and this child has drove niggers, kept books aboard a Ohio steamer, preached to a congregation in Wisconsin, and sold notions to Canada. But what you won't catch a New Englander doing, in one while, is bein' keeper of the Cape Hatteras light-house."

"Why so?" I asked, good-humoredly. "The situation is, no doubt, a little dull, and the salary is not high—"

"Six hundred and twenty-five dollars, fifty cents, and a liberal allowance for wood and oil; not so bad, nouther, for light employ," parenthetically remarked the clerk.

"But still," I went on, "there are advantages in the situation. It is not an unhealthy spot, it is cheap and quiet, and as for temptation to expense—"

"As for them, mister, Robinson Crusoe was a Broadway lounger compared with what you'll be. Snakes! why, a 'possum up a tulip-tree is in the world when you come to reckon him with the keeper of that light-house."

I had come out to America with high hopes, and those hopes had been lamentably baffled. The fortune I was to have made with brush and pallet, and the fame even sweeter than fortune, had flitted before me like a mocking will-o'-the-wisp. I was actually poorer than when I arrived, two years before, at New York. And this was why, after setting up as a portrait painter in Philadelphia, as a historical painter in Boston, as a painter of allegory in Cincinnati, I was finally reduced to solicit the post of light-house keeper in a wretched sandy islet off the coast of North Carolina.

I had one especial reason for asking and accepting this unpromising berth—a reason with which I did not trouble the clerk, and which I had not even imparted to the secretary. If I had any peculiar inclination, it was toward painting of sea-views and ships; but as yet I had been dissatisfied with the result of my efforts. The color was so poor—in my eyes, at least—and the treatment so conventional. I had often longed for a favorable opportunity of sitting down before the ocean, studying every wrinkle and line in Neptune's stormy face, and taking the portrait of the sea in every mood, from calm to frenzy. Here was a capital chance. The keeper of a light-house would be alone with Nature; no billiards, no gossip, nothing to call off his attention; and perhaps after a summer's study I might contrive to produce something that would sell well in London. Longer than half a year or so I never dreamed of retaining the employment.

One fortnight afterward I hired a boat and was duly wafted across to my new residence. It had been settled that I was to receive rations at regular intervals. Two barrels of pickled-pork, with a cask of flour, some bags of biscuit and corn, a keg of whisky, and some groceries, were on board the boat. With me went also a sturdy black lad, whose goggle eyes rolled in wonder at the unaccustomed sight he beheld; and a hale old negress, the grandmother of the boy, a woman with an excellent character for cooking and scouring. These colored persons were slaves.

There was a light breeze, and, as the boat's sails filled pleasantly, we flew along at a great rate through the little sparkling waves. The whole bay, fenced in from angry gales and Atlantic rollers by the natural break-water of the sandy islands, reminded me of the lagoons of Venice, and the blazing blue sky overhead was thoroughly Italian.

Presently we got to the little quay, whose slimy and weather-beaten piles were deeply imbedded in the sand, and above which rose the gaunt white tower of the light-house. That evening, having taken a glance at the lantern and filled the lamps with oil, I walked out at the half-open door, and sauntered to the beach. The prospect was a wide one, but monotonous. Sea and sand, sea and sand, as far as the eye could range from north to south, from east to west—nothing but sea and sand.

"Hulloa, chap! Air yew the new light-house keeper?" hailed a deep voice among the sand-hills.

I wheeled round. Behind me, on the summit of a mound, stood a very tall, swarthy, young man, in a checked frock of Osnaburg cloth, sea-boots, and a battered straw-hat. He had a gun in his hand, and a game-pouch by his side, which was nearly full of recently shot birds of the sand-piper class. A red handkerchief was knotted loosely around the fellow's sunburned neck, and he was altogether dressed in a careless, picturesque fashion that gave him the wild aspect of a brigand.

"Hulloa! Can't yew answer?" thundered the deep voice.

I replied that I was the light-house keeper; had but just arrived from the main land, and was very much at his service.

"Then I guess we're neighbors?" said the sportsman, as he advanced and extended me the hand of friendship. A brown big knuckly hand it was, and the squeeze that I received brought tears into my eyes. After this salutation the islander leaned on the stock of his piece and scanned me from head to foot, and back again, very slowly and deliberately. "I heerd there war to be a new keeper," observed the giant, "and my father, old Daddy Brown, of Fruit Creek—my name's Japhet Brown, stranger, at your call—Daddy Brown said, if I tumbled across you, and liked the looks of you—why, I were to say there's dinner and liquor at your bidding any day you stroll Fruit Creek way."

After growling out this hospitable message, Japhet Brown stared again, as if to make quite sure that he really did like "the looks of me." For myself, I felt an inward conviction that I did not much admire the looks of my new acquaintance. I did not, somehow, fancy the man. It was not that he was rough and uncouth, that his shaggy black hair hung like layers of sable fringe under the torn rim of his straw-hat, or that his clothes were daubed with tar and fish scales. I had seen sterling good fellows in still ruder guise, and had knocked about the world too long to despise the toil-hardened hand-grasp of an honest man. But Japhet's face expressed at the best but a ferocious good-humor; the features were heavy and lowering, the black eyes were restless and cunning, and the half-careless smile on the mouth had something sinister mingling with its effrontery. I did not like the man, but I took good care to show no coldness or aversion. So I took Japhet Brown into my dwelling, opened my little store of cordials, and regaled him with a glass of gin-sling and a prime cigar: luxuries which he appreciated the more because of their contrast to drams of raw spirit and coarse tobacco. I won Japhet's esteem, for the time at least, and it was with unfeigned heartiness that he clapped me on the shoulder at parting, and renewed his invitation.

"Come when yew please, chap. There's always lots of pork and bacon; whisky's plenty, too, and if yew happen in at dinner-time on Sabbath yew'll be welcome. My mother she can fix a chicken, and roast a chicken, as well as any cook to Raleigh city. The gals—them's my sisters—air right down merry ones, and a chat with them would do yew good, stranger, when you get the lonesomes upon you." So saying, Japhet turned on his heel, and strode off toward Fruit Creek again.

Nothing worth mention occurred during the remainder of the afternoon. When dusk came creeping over the low shores, and a deepening shadow turned the shining azure of the sea first to the glossy purple of a starling's breast, then to violet, I went up the ladder to light my beacon for the first time. It was not without a certain amount of nervous tremor that I trimmed the wicks, adjusted the reflectors, and applied the match. I read over my printed instructions once again before I executed my task. I held my breath, and hesitated before I kindled the lamps. For the first time the great importance of my duties flashed upon me. I was about to ignite a beacon to whose distant radiance the eyes of the storm-tossed mariner, in the direst extremity of his battle with the elements, might turn for guidance and direction. What mischief might not be caused by negligence, however arising, and what a post of trust was mine, after all, as a sentinel in front of the devouring sea, watchful for human lives!

Flash! the bright glow broke forth far to the north. I saw the distant glimmer overswelling mounds of sand and the darkling surges. A white light! That must be at Albemarle Sound. They were posting the sentries, then—the sentries against wreck and calamity. It was my turn to answer the signal. So I lighted up my two lamps. A red light and a green. They had not twinkled for more than five minutes before I saw something like a blood-red star over the waves to the southward. A red light. The light on Cape Lookout. I remained for some time in the glazed apartment which forms the upper story of all light-houses, gazing out into the night, and listening to the moan of the wind. I did not feel so lonely, somehow, while looking toward those distant gleams, north and south, which told of a common purpose and good-will toward our race.

My own official work was light. I can well imagine that to an uneducated man the lack of continued occupation would have been maddening. After all, to burnish a brace of reflectors, and to trim, fill, and kindle two lamps made but scanty inroads on my time. The duty required steadiness, sobriety, and punctuality, but no very great industry.

For some time I saw but little of my neighbors, the islanders. Curiosity brought me several visitors during the first months of my sojourn; but although I made a point of receiving their calls as urbanely as possible, no particular sympathy could exist between them and myself. It was not that they were rude of speech and boisterous of manners; nor was it that I found myself the only educated person within walking distance. But my amphibious neighbors had in their demeanor, for the most part, something that repelled esteem and discouraged confidence. They seemed sly, with all their uncouthness, and they would now and then give utterance to sentiments too lawless for my taste.

I shall never forget the first visit I paid to the Brown family. Fruit Creek was a long and deep though narrow inlet, which terminated in a shelving bank, on the smooth sand of which a number of whale boats and skiffs rested, like fish out of water. The creek was named in consequence of the wreck of a West Indian vessel, laden with pines and shaddocks, near the spot where Daddy Brown had established his long black house of well-calked timber. There were several huts within sight, but Mr. Brown's was by far the best and largest of the tenements; its windows were completely glazed, and it possessed a tolerable garden, fenced from spray and sand by a high wall of solid timber slabs. The inside of the house was even more comfortable than the exterior promised. The Browns were evidently well off, and as they insisted that I should not leave them before supper, I had an opportunity of seeing how they fared in general.

Daddy Brown himself was a hale old fellow, tall, but much bowed with age, though his flashing black eyes were as keen as a hawk's, and evinced great craft and vigor. I was at first rather disposed to like the old man, he talked so well and glibly. He alone of the family group had been a traveler; he had been to China and to Europe as mate of a vessel, and had coasted repeatedly along the Atlantic sea-board, from Vera Cruz to Halifax. There were three sons, of whom Japhet was the eldest, and three daughters, all tall and well made, with dark complexions and bright eyes. Mrs. Brown, on the other hand, was a soft little woman, with rather a timid look in her round blue eyes, and was, as her husband said, from Pennsylvania. She was a notable housekeeper, and had the Northern taste for scrubbing and polishing, since the floor was exquisitely clean, and the copper and tin upon the kitchen-shelves shone brilliantly. The family received me hospitably enough. The young men eyed my thews and sinews with undisguised scorn, and half-jestingly challenged me to "wrastle a fall" with Seth or 'Symmachus, observing that Japhet was too big to make the match a fair one.

"Too dark! too dark!" cried old Daddy Brown. "Come to supper, boys and gals. The old woman's just lit up."

The lamps which Mrs. Brown had just "lit up" were three very large constructions of white metal, the work of some Yankee pewterer, which held a great deal of oil, and gave a blaze of yellow light. The cloth was laid on the walnut-wood table, and on it smoked a profusion of hot viands, flanked by all sorts of bottles and stone jars. The plates were of common delf, but the drinking vessels were most various. Thus, Daddy Brown had a silver tankard; Japhet a tin pannikin; the girls glasses; and the rest of the party china mugs. I was still more surprised to see that some of the forks were of massive silver, while others were two-pronged steel implements of the cheapest fabric. We had scarcely sat down before a remarkable incident happened. I chanced, less through inquisitiveness than absence of mind, to be turning round the heavy silver fork assigned to me, when I descried some half-effaced armorial bearings on the handle. Before I could decipher them, however, Seth Brown, the youngest son, who sat near me, and who had watched me, suddenly thrust out his broad bony hand, wrested the fork from me, and tossed it across the table, growling out something about "a spy." I was really too much astonished to resent this rudeness, but Daddy Brown instantly exclaimed in a harsh tone, "For shame, Seth! you're drunk, boy. Ask the stranger's pardon, or—" Daddy Brown did not finish the sentence, but his brows corrugated into an ugly frown, and he shook his fist at his youngest son, who gave me back the fork with a very bad grace, muttering that he meant no harm, "'twar a joke." This was odd, and another trivial circumstance happened soon after. One of the girls who sat near me, a merry, black-haired maiden, like her sisters, with a loud laugh and a nut-brown cheek, wore a very pretty brooch, mounted in gold, and delicately executed in enamel, in Louis Quinze style. I happened to praise the beauty of this costly ornament, to the evident gratification of the wearer, until I hazarded the remark that "the workmanship was probably French. I never saw such a brooch in an American jeweler's."

"That's tellin's!" answered the girl, in a sharp tone.

"Phœbe!" exclaimed her mother, in a deprecatory fashion. Her father gave one of his oily laughs. "Our island gals," said he, "don't understand your town ways, Britisher. The gewgaw glittery thing was honestly come by, you may take your oath of it. And that's all that matters the vally of a pinch of gunpowder, whether French or not French."

I parted from the Browns cordially enough, but the more I thought of them the queerer they seemed. Were they really fishermen, I wondered, in spite of all the nets and many-hooked lines ostentatiously displayed around their dwelling? Had those sharp whale-boats no other use than to carry Japhet and Seth to the banks where coal-fish and cat-fish, jew-fish and sun-fish, were plenty? There were things to be seen in that house of Mr. Brown's which contrasted forcibly with the oaken benches and clumsy furniture. Silk curtains to the small-paned windows, one or two arm chairs of frayed velvet, a beautiful Indian cabinet in rare wood inlaid with ivory, and, above all, a small but handsome mirror, whose richly carved and gilded frame jarred with the coarse colored prints that were hung on the same wall. Very odd, all this. To be sure, these expensive objects might be relics of Mr. Brown's sea-faring days, treasures picked up in the course of his wanderings. And yet—I doubted.

About a week after, something confirmed my doubts. An officer arrived suddenly, a lieutenant in the United States navy, who had been charged with the duty of inspecting all the light-houses on the Atlantic coast. He found nothing to blame at Cape Hatteras.

"Your lamps and lantern are in pattern order, Mr. Halford," said the lieutenant, very good-humoredly, "and your reflectors do you credit. I wish I had always the power to say as much, but the fact is, Uncle Sam has some shocking bargains along the coast. No accident here in your time, hey?"

"Accident?" said I, rather perplexed.

"Ah, yes, it's best to call them by that name;" said the lieutenant, dryly; "they are rather famous for their frequency hereabouts, especially in rough or foggy weather. Ships often mistake the lights and run ashore, and are lost—and no wonder, if people will fasten lanterns to horses, and keep moving along the beach, so as to delude poor wretches at sea. I see, Mr. Halford, by your face, that you are surprised. Briefly, then, there are gangs of as rascally wreckers not a hundred miles off as ever a country was cursed with. Take care they don't play you a trick some night, that's all."

But nothing whatever occurred, during the long hot summer, to justify the lieutenant's warning. Autumn came, and with it the season of violent gales, heavy rains, and fogs of blinding thickness. I heard rumors of a few wrecks, on remote parts of the chain of sandy islets, but no such misfortune occurred in my own neighborhood. Day after day I saw ships pass safely by, under shortened canvas, and fighting their way bravely through the angry sea. Night after night my beacon lights answered the friendly blaze to north and south, and along the wave-lashed coast-line the signs of danger were shown, not in vain. By this time I was getting heartily sick of my employment. I had saved a little money. I had made many sketches, and had much improved in my coloring and taste, by dint of study and practice. And as I found my isolation tedious to the last degree, I had written to the authorities to inform them of my intention to resign, as soon as my successor should be ready to assume my duties.

On a blustering and dark autumnal day, when the clouds were driving fast across the threatening sky, and the waves rolled in with a hoarse murmur, I suddenly came, in the course of a lonely ramble along the beach, upon two men. They were standing in a little hollow between two hillocks of loose sand, gazing out earnestly to seaward. My eyes instinctively followed the direction of theirs, and I saw a large ship under double-reefed topsails, with her courses brailed up, staggering along the coast line, with her bows turned southward. The wind was unfavorable to her, and she had much ado to make very slow progress indeed, by dint of incessant tacks. The two men on the shore not noticing me, as my footsteps fell noiselessly on the soft sand, conversed in loud, unguarded tones. "There she goes on the larboard tack again. At that rate she'll beat about till dark, and never make ten cables' length of way," said the younger and taller of the two.

"She can't fetch Ocracock Inlet, with the wind where it is, and like to freshen," observed the other, in an oily, insinuating voice which I recognized as that of Daddy Brown; "I guess her skipper don't know this coast. The fool's sure to bump ashore, soon or late."

"A good job if she came ashore within our bounds!" exclaimed the younger, who was no other than Japhet Brown; "deep laden as she is, there'd be pickings worth a wet jacket. We haven't had a clutch at such a critter, not since the—"

"Hush!" prudently observed old Brown, who had just turned his head, and caught a glimpse of me; "hush! there's ears about."

Japhet reddened and frowned very sulkily as I descended the sand-hill and wished him and his father "good-day." But Mr. Brown was very bland. "Glad to tumble on you again, Britisher! Han't seen you these two months agone. Dirty weather!"

Our conversation was not a long one, and we soon parted. But, to my great surprise, when I got near home I heard some one panting after me, and up came Japhet at a run. "Father says," he gasped out, "says yew would do him proud if yew'd look in at Fruit Creek to-night. The gals have got a party—a frolic to shell corn-cobs and string 'em—and there's lots of neighbors comin', both men and women. We have a dance and games, and a supper fit for the President. Will you come?"

Now if I had consulted my own inclinations I should have declined, but I was anxious to give no offense, and I knew that my refusal would probably be attributed to the pride of superior station and acquirements, so I accepted.

"That's right, chap!" said Japhet, drawing a long breath: "I hate a fellow to be nasty proud, I do. Ah, yew and we might work well together, and yew'd make a better thing of it than the State salary, if yew only knew which side your bread was buttered."

"What do you mean?"

But Japhet turned on his heel with a horse-laugh, saying, in a loud voice,

"Never yew mind, recklect yew've promised to come. Folks gather at six. Don't be later nor the half past, chap!"

Off he went. I went home, and, as I turned my head in the act of crossing the threshold, I saw the same ship still within a mile of the shore. The dusk was deepening fast into the obscurity of night, but I could see that she was making but slow progress, while there was every indication of a storm. I went up the ladder, lighted and arranged my lamps with my accustomed care, and then sat down to read for a while. At half past five I made such slight alterations in my dress as were necessary, threw my Mackintosh cloak over my shoulders, and after a glance at the beacon, prepared to set out. I had never before left the lamps to burn in my absence.

I had a long and disagreeable walk to Fruit Creek; the wind had begun to moan and shriek, my cloak flew out and tugged at my shoulders as if to hold me back, and my feet stumbled among the sand-hills. It was very dark, and rain and sleet came driving before the gale. After my weary tramp along the desolate shore, I thought that Daddy Brown's house, with a ruddy radiance streaming from its windows, and its principal apartment crowded with men, matrons, girls, and striplings, presented a cheerful scene. There was abundance of fun, laughter, and hearty mirth at this "frolic." An endless country dance was achieved by a score of couples, with an obligato accompaniment of stamping and clapping of hands; songs were sung, games, such as hunt the slipper and blindman's-buff, were played. At another time I should have watched the scene with keen interest; but on this particular evening my spirits were low, and my heart was heavy within me. Something like a foreboding weighed me down, in spite of all my efforts not to play the part of kill-joy. Daddy Brown seemed very glad to see me, and so did Japhet, but it struck me that Mrs. Brown looked at me with rather a scared glance. Curiously enough, though the three daughters were all dancing as vigorously as if life itself depended on their exertions, Seth and 'Symmachus, the younger sons, were absent.

"The boys are all right," said Daddy Brown, in answer to my inquiry; "they're out late; been over to the main, after ducks. We'll see 'em afore supper-time, Britisher."

I declined dancing, and for some time contented myself with the part of a spectator. But the fiddling, laughter, and loud talking jarred on my ears; I became more and more oppressed by the gloom that had clouded my mind, why, I knew not; and at last I could bear it no longer. Watching my opportunity, I slipped out unobserved, and set out on my lonely homeward walk.

About half-way from the light-house two men with their heads depressed, as they pushed their way against the wind and rain, came hurrying rapidly past, and crossed me without seeing me.

They were of much the height and build of Seth Brown and his brother; but what errand could possibly have taken them to the Cape, when their father had accounted so plausibly for their absence?

A vague, formless misgiving came to chill my heart with dread. What errand could have led those two young men to my desolate dwelling on a night of revelry? I set my teeth and strode on faster. Was that lightning, that red flash through the darkness to seaward? No. After a pause came the sullen boom of a cannon. A signal of distress, no doubt, from some ship in peril. I pressed on. At last I could see the light-house, sending, as usual, its friendly beams of radiance far over the roaring sea. As usual? No, for my practiced eye soon detected a change. The red light burned alone; the green lamp was *gone!*

"Great Heaven!" I cried, aloud, "this is some dreadful accident, or else villains have been tampering with the lights—those young ruffians—the ship—the invitation—I see it!" With a groan I set off to run at my utmost speed, hoping to arrive in time to light the extinguished lamp before the doomed ship, whose signal I had heard, should be lured to her fate. For at a glance I had divined the heartless scheme of the wreckers. The red light burning alone would be taken for that on Cape Lookout, and the captain, utterly deceived, would seek an imaginary channel where the fatal sand-banks lay.

Before I got home, however, flash upon flash, boom after boom, told of the urgent danger which the mariners had perceived when it was too late. Each report was nearer and nearer, and the vessel must be driving fast toward the lee-shore. I hurried to the house. Juba was asleep and snoring in a corner of the kitchen, and the negress was rocking herself before the fire, crooning out some plantation ditty. Evidently the blacks knew nothing of what had been done. I ran up to the glazed chamber, where the lamps stood. Hastily I relighted that which had been extinguished, and then approached the glass and looked out. For a while I saw nothing but the flashes of the minute-guns: but presently a broad and lurid glare arose, and I could see by the light of an enormous fire of tar-barrels and wood, which had been hastily piled upon the beach, that the vessel had already grounded. She had struck bows foremost, her upper spars and rigging had gone overboard, covering her deck with a tangled mass of ruin, the waves breaking furiously over her. Hard by I could see a number of men, their swart figures clearly defined in the blood-red light, bustling up and down the sands. They had lighted the fire—the wreckers. Without pausing to consider the possible consequences to myself, I hurried down the ladder, calling on Juba to follow me; and, rushing toward the beach, hoped that I might be in time to reach a helping hand to some of the poor perishing creatures. When I drew near I heard a great shout. The vessel had parted amidships. The whole sea, crimson with fire-light, was covered all over with floating beams, bales, boxes, fragments of wreck, and struggling human forms. The latter were but few, and their cries for help were disregarded by the greedy wretches on shore, who rushed, with loud shouts, waist-deep into the sea, to secure plunder. Chests, casks, and other prizes were hurriedly grasped, and rolled or dragged above the reach of the waves, while the wreckers encouraged each other in their unhallowed task. It was a hideous scene, but I saw little of it, for my eye suddenly lighted on something like a bundle of clothes, lashed to a bench of light cane-work, which was floating in an eddy hard by. The white bundle stirred as it was swept past, and the long golden hair of a child, and the pale pretty face of a child, were clearly visible in the crimson light. In an instant I was standing in the foaming water, which reached above my waist, and I had a firm grasp on the object that had attracted my notice. The undertow nearly bore me off my feet, and I staggered, but I held the child fast, cut the cord that fastened her to the bench, and bore her in my arms to the beach. A sweet face, innocent and beautiful, the face of a seraph! She was wet and cold, but fear had not benumbed her faculties, for she clung to my shoulder with one tiny hand, while with the other she pointed to the sea, and murmured in a weak voice, "Mamma! Please help! Oh pray, pray save mamma!"

Poor child! I looked on her with pity; no doubt was in my mind that her mother had perished in the disaster. The little girl—she could not have been above seven years old—pointed eagerly to a mass of wreck that turned and twirled in the eddy as it drifted past, and begged and prayed me passionately "to help dear mamma."

The child was right: there *was* a human figure lashed to those spars, and the long brown hair and the streaming garments showed that the apparently lifeless form was a woman's. I laid the child lightly on the sand-bank, telling her not to be afraid, and throwing off my coat, plunged into the sea, and with great difficulty dragged the floating mass to shore. The little raft, hastily composed of a couple of studding-sail-booms and a hencoop, lashed together, had drifted far out before I reached it, and the strong current nearly sucked me out to sea as I swam back, panting and dripping wet; but I managed to drag the poor lady from the waves. She was quite insensible, her eyes were closed, and but for the very faintest action of the heart I should have thought life extinct. A pale, delicately-moulded face, with some resemblance to that of the beautiful child, though the complexion and color of the hair were very dissimilar. The little girl put her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her a hundred times.

I now began very seriously to consider how I should get the sufferer conveyed to safe shelter. To the wreckers I dared not appeal. Fortunately they had been too busy to notice what was going on at a distance of fifty paces, and if they had seen me at all they probably took me for one of the gang. But I dared not call to them for help. They wanted no living witnesses of their misdeeds, no living claimants of the property which they were lawlessly appropriating.

As I swam back with my second prize my face had been toward the wreck, and I had distinctly seen two human heads rise above the broken water, and two eager, gasping human faces, and the outstretched hands of two half-drowned men. Both were bareheaded and drenched with salt-water, but by the momentary glimpse I caught of them I should have said that the elder was a seaman, the other, who wore a dark mustache, a gentleman. They held out their hands, and cried for aid, but none came. Only a tall man, whose face I did not see, but whose figure was like that of Japhet Brown, repulsed them with a boat-hook he carried, and pushed them back into the deep water, amidst the jeers and yells of the wretches on shore. And so they sank, murdered for the sake of gain. I felt that my own life hung on a thread. If any wrecker espied me, the villains would not hesitate at another crime. But how could I go? I could carry the child with ease, but her poor mother!

Thank God!

Juba, in person! I had quite forgotten that I had ordered the young negro to follow me; I had far outstripped him, but I looked up and saw his black face. He was dreadfully alarmed at the fierce shouts and excited gestures of the wreckers, and was on the point of making off when I caught him by the collar. Between us we contrived to carry the young woman over the dreary sand-hills between us and the light-house, the child being sufficiently recovered to walk. We laid our patient on my bed, and when Aunt Polly had exhausted her first transports of astonishment, she proved an excellent nurse. Thanks to the care and zeal of the kind negress Mrs. Fairfax gradually revived. It was from her own lips that I learned her name and position in life. She was the young wife of a gentleman of good fortune in North Carolina, and nephew to the Governor of that State. But—poor thing!—I could not disguise from her that she was a widow, though I spared her the additional pang of knowing that her husband had been one of those who had been inhumanly thrust back into the sea to perish, although I had little doubt that one of the murdered men had been Captain Fairfax, whose description tallied with that of the poor victim I had beheld.

Leaving the widow weeping over her recent loss, while she clasped her rescued child as if she feared to lose her too, I went to make preparations for leaving the island. Most fortunately I had employed my leisure in repairing a dismantled boat. True, it had no mast, but it was now water-tight, and a pair of the old oars were fit for use. Before I slept I brought the boat from the creek, and moored it to the quay ready for a start. My great fear was that, before we could escape, some of the wreckers might discover that I had been an eye-witness of their crimes, and had saved some of the passengers on board the foundered ship, which I now learned was the *Astarte*, of Boston. On this account, shortly after daybreak I caused mattresses and pillows to be placed in the boat; and Aunt Polly, Juba, and I, carried down Mrs. Fairfax, who was too much exhausted to walk. The child followed, and Aunt Polly arranged the blankets and cloaks around the invalid, while Juba was to take one oar, and I the other. The black lad was not wholly unused to a boat, having rowed on the river near Wilmington. In case of pursuit, which, however, seemed improbable, I had placed the loaded gun in the boat, had hidden one of the cutlasses under my pea-coat, and concealed the other in the sand. We were just ready to push off when I remembered that my sketches and drawings, which I was loth to leave, were still within the light-house. I ran back, put the portfolio under my arm, and was on the threshold of my late dwelling, when the figure of a tall man appeared in the door-way—Japhet Brown!

His face was swollen and coarse with drink, and his fiery eyes drooped as they met mine.

"Whither away, chap? Yew seem in a plaguy hurry;" he growled, and extended his hand.

"I am going out. I have no time for conversation."

The young villain burst out into oaths and curses.

"Conceited British hound, who be yew, to refuse to shake an honest man's hand?"

"A murderer's hand, you mean!" I cried, indignantly, though I repented the words before they were well out.

Japhet turned livid with passion. "You know too much, my gentleman. I'll stop your jaw pretty smart."

So saying, he threw himself upon me, but I was luckily armed, and I drove him out of the light-house, pursuing him, cutlass in hand, for a short distance. Then I went back to the boat. Juba and I were not first-rate rowers, the boat was heavy, and our progress was slow. Before we were half-way across the sound I descried a swift whale-boat cleaving the waters on our track. No doubt the wretch Japhet had given the alarm to his comrades, and had we been overtaken the secret would have been preserved by the sacrifice of all our lives. But a sloop passing within hail picked us up and carried us to the main land. Before nightfall we were able to place Mrs. Fairfax and her little daughter under the safe care of her husband's relations.

I have little more to tell. The gratitude of the Fairfax family pressed upon me a large pecuniary reward. This I declined, but I gladly accepted patronage which enabled me to leave for Europe two years later with—for an artist—a purse reasonably heavy. A states marshal, backed by an armed force, was dispatched to Cape Hatteras with a warrant for the apprehension of the guilty. But some delay had occurred, and the Browns fled to Texas, in which remote region, years afterward, I read of the execution, by lynch law, of Japhet and his father for robbery and murder.

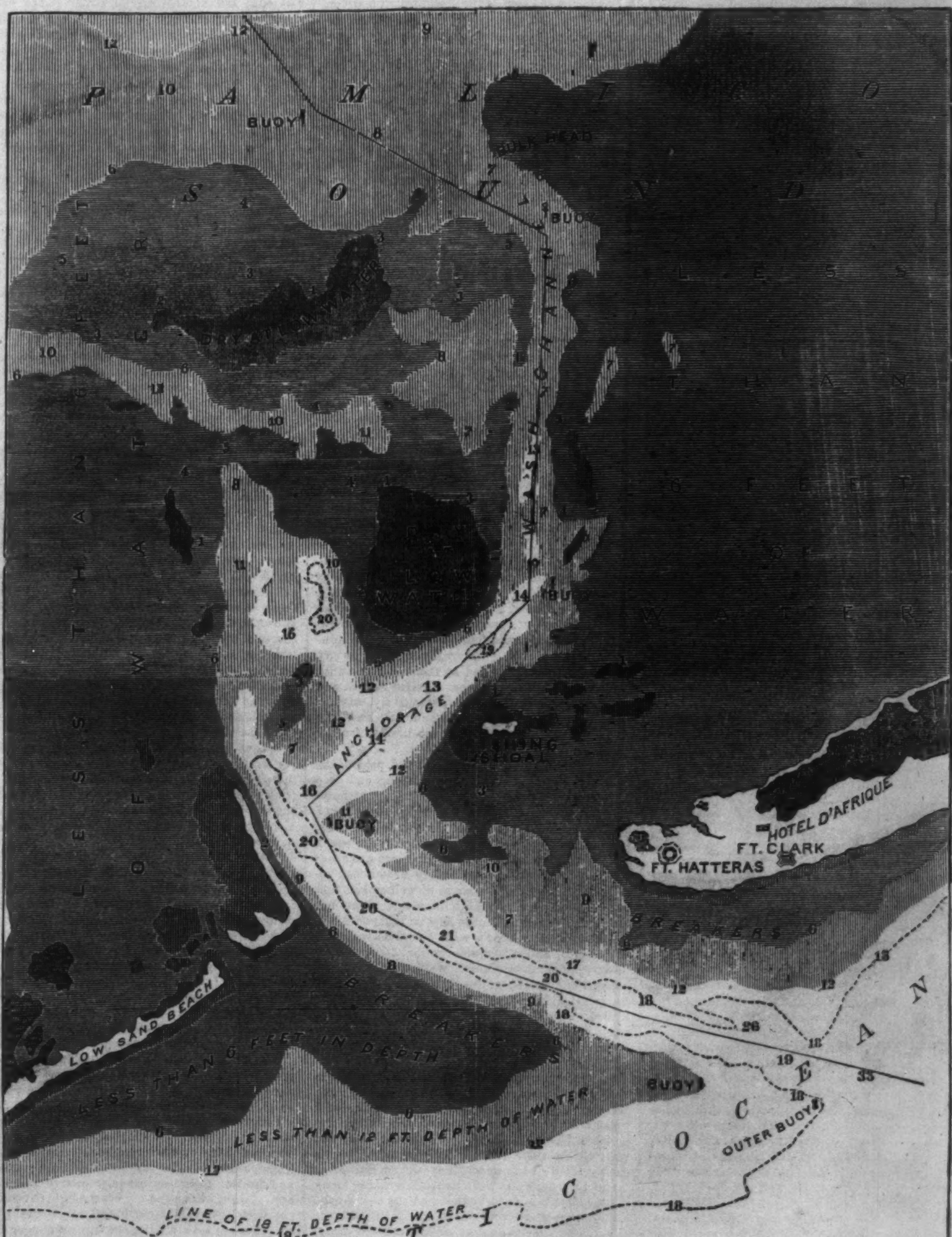
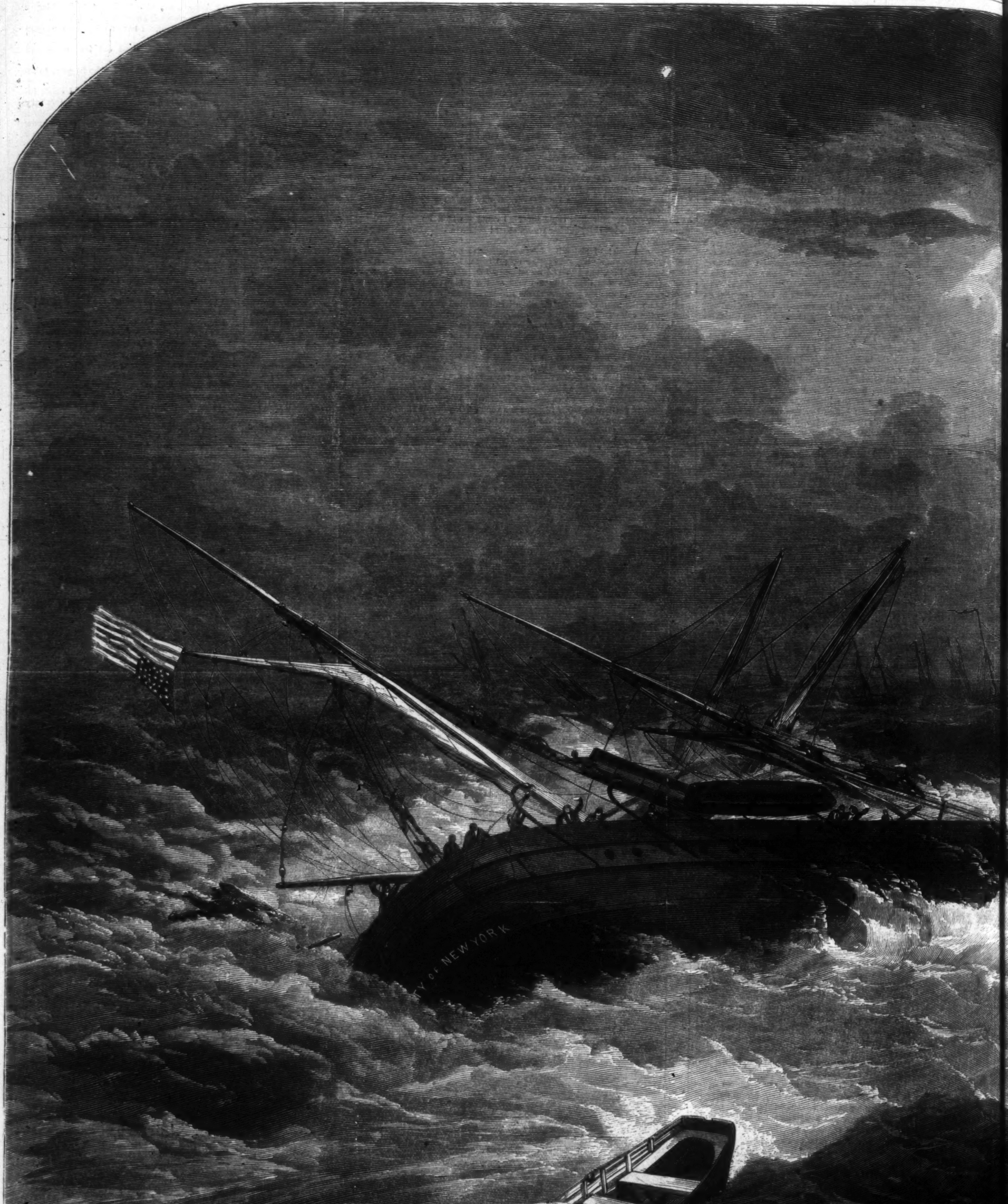


CHART OF HATTERAS INLET, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 111.]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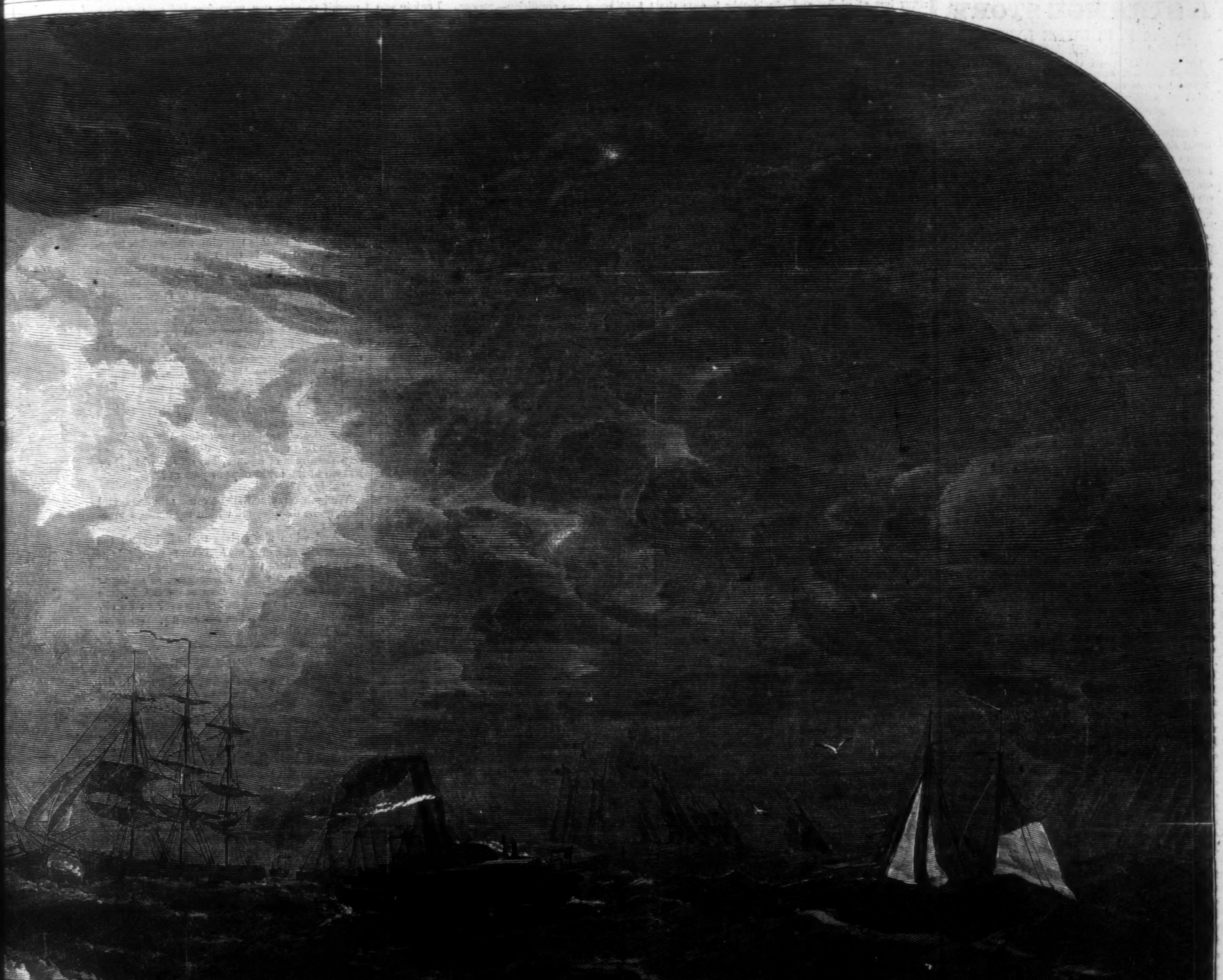

RNSIDE EXPEDITION, OFF HATTERAS INLET.—[See Page 111.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXV.

I FOUND Mrs. Ashleigh waiting for me in our usual sitting-room. She was in tears. She had begun to despond of Lilian's recovery, and she infected me with her own alarm. However, I disguised my participation in her fears, soothed and sustained her as I best could, and persuaded her to retire to rest. I saw Faber for a few minutes before I sought my own chamber. He assured me that there was no perceptible change for the worse in Lilian's physical state since he had last seen me, and that her mind, even within the last few hours, had become decidedly more clear. He thought that within the next twenty-four hours the reason would make a strong and successful effort for complete recovery; but he declined to hazard more than a hope that the effort would not exhaust the enfeebled powers of the frame. He himself was so in need of a few hours of rest that I ceased to harass him with questions which he could not answer, and fears which he could not appease. Before leaving him for the night, I told him briefly that there was a traveler in my hut smitten by a disease that seemed to me so grave that I would ask his opinion of the case, if he could accompany me to the hut the next morning.

My own thoughts that night were not such as would suffer me to sleep.

Before Margrave's melancholy state much of my former fear and abhorrence faded away. This being, so exceptional that fancy might well invest him with preternatural attributes, was now reduced by human suffering to human sympathy and comprehension. Yet his utter want of conscience was still as apparent as in his day of joyous animal spirits. With what hideous candor he had related his perfidy and ingratitude to the man to whom, in his belief, he owed an inestimable obligation, and with what insensibility to the signal retribution which in most natures would have awakened remorse!

And by what dark hints and confessions did he seem to confirm the incredible memoir of Sir Philip Derval! He owned that he had borne from the corpse of Haroun the medicament to which he ascribed his recovery from a state yet more hopeless than that under which he now labored! He had alluded rapidly, obscurely, to some knowledge at his command "surer than man's!" And now, even now, the mere wreck of his former existence, by what strange charm did he still control and confuse my reason! And how was it that I felt myself murmuring, again and again, "But what, after all, if his hope be no chimera, and if Nature do hide a secret by which I could save the life of my beloved Lilian?"

And again and again, as that thought would force itself on me, I rose and crept to Lilian's threshold, listening to catch the faintest sound of her breathing. All still, all dark! and Faber doubts whether all his art can turn aside from her couch the stealthy tread of death, while in yon log-hut one whose malady recognized science could not doubt to be mortal has composed himself to sleep confident of life! Recognized science! recognized ignorance! The science of to-day is the ignorance of to-morrow! Every year some bold guess lights up a truth to which but the year before the schoolmen of science were as blinded as moles.

"What then," my lips kept repeating—"what if Nature do hide a secret by which the life of my life can be saved? What do we know of the secrets of Nature? What said Newton himself of his knowledge? 'I am like a child picking up pebbles and shells on the sand, while the great ocean of Truth lies all undiscovered around me!' And did Newton himself, in the ripest growth of his matchless intellect, hold the creed of the alchemists in scorn? Had he not given to the object of their research his days and his nights? Is there proof that he had ever convinced himself that the research was the dream which we, who are not Newtons, call it?[*] And that other great sage, inferior only to Newton—the calculating doubt-weigher, Descartes—had he not believed in some occult nostrum or process by which human life could attain to the age of the Patriarchs?"[†]

In thoughts like these the night wore away, the moonbeams that streamed through my window lighting up the spacious solitudes beyond—mead and creek, forest land, mountain top—and the silence without broken by the wild cry of the night-hawk and the sibilant melancholy dirge of the shining chrysococcyx;[‡] bird that never sings but at night, and obstinately haunts the roofs of the sick and dying, ominous of woe and death.

But up sprang the sun, and, chasing these gloomy sounds, out burst the wonderful chorus of Australian groves, the great kingfisher opening the jocund melodious babble with the glee of his social laugh.

And now I heard Faber's step in Lilian's room—heard, through the door, her soft voice, though I could not distinguish the words. It was not long before I saw the kind physician standing at the threshold of my chamber. He pressed his finger to his lip, and made me a sign to follow him. I obeyed, with noiseless tread and stifled breathing. He waited me in the garden under the flowering acacias, passed his arm in mine, and drew me into the open pasture land.

"Compose yourself," he then said; "I bring you tidings both of gladness and of fear. Your Lilian's mind is restored: even the memories which had been swept away by the fever that followed her return to her home in L—— are returning, though as yet indistinct. She yearns to see you, to bless you for all your noble devotion, your generous, great-hearted love; but I forbid such interview now. If in a few hours she become either decidedly stronger or decidedly more enfeebled, you shall be summoned to her side. Even if you are condemned to a loss for which the sole consolation must be placed in the life hereafter, you shall have at least the last mortal commune of soul with soul. Courage—courage! You are man! Bear as man what you have so often bid other men submit to endure."

I had flung myself on the ground—writhing worm that had no home but on earth! Man, indeed! Man! All at that moment I took from manhood was its acute sensibility to love and to anguish!

But after all such paroxysms of mortal pain there comes a strange lull. Thought itself halts, like the still hush of water between two descending torrents. I rose in a calm, which Faber might well mistake for fortitude.

"Well," I said, quietly, "fulfill your promise. If Lilian is to pass away from me, I shall see her, at least, again; no wall, you tell me, between our minds: mind to mind once more—once more!"

"Allen," said Faber, mournfully and softly, "why do you shun to repeat my words—soul to soul?"

"Ay, ay—I understand. Those words mean that you have resigned all hope that Lilian's life will linger here when her mind comes back in full consciousness. I know well that last lightning flash and the darkness which swallows it up!"

"You exaggerate my fears. I have not resigned the hope that Lilian will survive the struggle through which she is passing; but it would be cruel to deceive you—my hope is weaker than it was."

"Ay, ay—again I understand! Your science is in fault—it desponds. Its last trust is in the wonderful resources of Nature—the vitality stored in the young?"

"You have said: Those resources of Nature *are* wondrous. The vitality of youth is a fountain springing up from the deeps out of sight, when, a moment before, we had measured the drops oozing out from the sands, and thought that the well was exhausted."

"Come with me—come. I told you of another sufferer yonder. I want your opinion of his case. But can you be spared a few minutes from Lilian's side?"

"Yes; I left her asleep. What is the case that perplexes your eye of physician, which is usually keener than mine, despite all the length of my practice?"

"The sufferer is young—his organization rare in its vigor. He has gone through and survived assaults upon life that are commonly fatal. His system has been poisoned by the fangs of a venomous asp, and shattered by the blast of the plague. These alone, I believe, would not suffice to destroy him. But he is one who has a strong dread of death. And while the heart was thus languid and feeble, it has been gnawed by emotions of hope or of fear. I suspect that he is dying, not from the bite of the reptile, not from the taint of the pestilence, but from the hope and the fear that have overtasked the heart's functions. Judge for yourself."

We were now at the door of the hut. I unlocked it: we entered. Margrave had quitted his bed, and was pacing the room slowly. His step was less feeble, his countenance less haggard than on the previous evening.

He submitted himself to Faber's questioning with a quiet indifference, and evidently cared nothing for any opinion which the great physician might found on his replies.

When Faber had learned all he could, he said, with a grave smile, "I see that my advice will have little weight with you; such as it is, at least reflect on it. The conclusions to which your host arrived in his view of your case, and which he confided to me, are, in my humble judgment, correct. I have no doubt that the great organ of the heart is involved in the cause of your sufferings; but the heart is a noble and much-enduring organ. I have known men in whom it has been more severely and unequivocally affected with disease than it is in you, live on for many years, and ultimately die of some other disorder. But then life was held, as yours must be held, upon one condition—repose. I enjoin you to abstain from all violent action; to shun all excitements that cause moral disturbance. You are young: would you live on, you must live as the old. More than this—it is my duty to warn you that your tenure on earth is very precarious; you may attain to many years; you may be suddenly called hence to-morrow. The best mode to regard this uncertainty, with the calm in which is your only chance of long life, is so to arrange all your worldly affairs, and so to discipline all your human anxieties, as to feel always prepared for the summons that may come without warning. For the rest, quit this climate as soon as you can—it is the climate in which the blood courses too quickly for one who should shun all excitement. Seek the most equable atmosphere—choose the most tranquil pursuits—and Fenwick himself, in his magnificent pride of stature and strength, may be nearer the grave than you are."

"Your opinion coincides with that I have just heard?" asked Margrave, turning to me.

"In much—yes."

"It is more favorable than I should have supposed. I am far from disdaining the advice so kindly offered. Permit me, in turn, two or three questions, Dr. Faber. Do you prescribe to me no drugs from your pharmacopœia?"

"Drugs may palliate many sufferings incidental to organic disease, but drugs can not reach organic disease itself."

"Do you believe that, even where disease is plainly organic, Nature herself has no alterative and reparative powers by which the organ assailed may recover itself?"

"A few exceptional instances of such forces in nature are upon record; but we must go by general laws, and not by exceptions."

"Have you never known instances, do you not at this moment know one, in which a patient whose malady baffles the doctor's skill imagines or dreams of a remedy? Call it a whim, if you please, learned Sir; do you not listen to the whim, and, in despair of your own prescriptions, comply with that of the patient?"

Faber changed countenance, and even started. Margrave watched him, and laughed.

"You grant that there are such cases, in which the patient gives the law to the physician. Now apply your experience to my case. Suppose some strange fancy had seized upon my imagination—that is the doctor's cant word for all phenomena that we call exceptional—some strange fancy, that I had thought of a cure for this disease for which you have no drugs; and suppose this fancy of mine to be so strong, so vivid, that to deny me its gratification would produce the very emotion from which you warn me as fatal—storm the heart that you would soothe to repose by the passions of rage and despair—would you, as my trusted physician, concede or deny me my whim?"

"Can you ask? I should grant it at once, if I had no reason to know that the thing which you fancied was harmful."

"Good man and wise doctor. I have no other question to ask. I thank you."

Faber looked hard on the young wan face, over which played a smile of triumph and irony; then turned away with an expression of doubt and trouble on his own noble countenance. I followed him silently into the open air.

"Who and what is this visitor of yours?" he asked, abruptly.

"Who and what! I can not tell you."

Faber remained some moments musing, and muttering slowly to himself, "Tut; but a chance coincidence—a hap-hazard allusion to a fact which he could not have known!"

"Faber," said I, abruptly, "can it be that Lilian is the patient in whose self-suggested remedies you confide more than in the various learning at command of your practiced skill?"

"I can not deny it," replied Faber, reluctantly. "In the intervals of that suspense from waking sense, which in her is not sleep, nor yet altogether catalepsy, she has, for the last few days, stated accurately the precise moment in which the trance—if I may so call it—would pass away, and prescribed for herself the remedies that should be then administered. In every instance the remedies so self-prescribed, though certainly not those which would have occurred to my mind, have proved efficacious. Her rapid progress to reason I ascribe to the treatment she herself ordained in her trance, without remembrance of her own suggestions when she awoke. I had meant to defer communicating these phenomena in the idiosyncrasy of her case until our minds could more calmly inquire into the process by which ideas—not apparently derived as your metaphysical school would derive all ideas, from preconceived experiences—will thus sometimes act like an instinct on the human sufferer, for self-preservation, as the bird is directed to the herb or the berry which heals or assuages its ailments. We know how the mesmerists would account for this phenomenon of hygienic introvision and clairvoyance. But here there is no mesmerizer, unless the patient can be supposed to mesmerize herself. Long, however, before mesmerism was heard of, medical history attests examples in which patients who baffled the skill of the ablest physicians have fixed their fancies on some remedy that physicians would call inoperative for good or for harm, and have recovered by the remedies thus singularly self-suggested. And Hippocrates himself, if I construe his meaning rightly, recognizes the powers for self-cure which the condition of trance will sometimes bestow on the sufferer, 'where' (says the father of our art), 'the sight being closed to the external, the soul more truthfully perceives the affections of the body.' In short—I own it—in this instance, the skill of the physician has been a compliant obedience to the instinct called forth in the patient. And the hopes I have hitherto permitted myself to give you were founded on my experience that her own hopes, conceived in trance, had never been fallacious or exaggerated. The simples that I gathered for her yesterday she had described; they are not in our herbal. But as they are sometimes used by the natives, I had had the curiosity to analyze their chemical properties shortly after I came to the colony, and they seemed to me as innocent as lime-blossoms. They are rare in this part of Australia, but she told me where I should find them—a remote spot which she has certainly never visited. Last night, when you saw me disturbed, dejected, it was because for the first time the docility with which she had hitherto, in her waking state, obeyed her own injunctions in the state of trance forsook me. She could not be induced to taste the decoction I had made from the herbs; and if you found me this morning with weaker hopes than before, this is the real cause—viz., that when I visited her at sunrise, she was not in sleep but in trance, and in that trance she told me that she had nothing more to suggest or reveal; that on the complete restoration of her senses, which was at hand, the abnormal faculties vouchsafed to trance would be withdrawn. 'As for my life,' she said, quietly, as if unconscious of our temporary joy or woe in the term of its tenure here—'as for my life, your aid is now idle; my own vision obscure; on my life a dark and cold shadow is resting. I can not foresee if it will pass away. When I strive to look around, I see but my Allen—'"

"And so," said I, mastering my emotions, "in bidding me hope, you did not rely on your own resources of science, but on the whisper of Nature in the brain of your patient?"

"It is so."

We both remained silent some moments, and then, as he disappeared within my house, I murmured:

"And when she strives to look beyond the shadow she sees only me! Is there some prophet-hint of Nature there also, directing me not to scorn the secret which a wanderer, so suddenly dropped on my solitude, assures me that Nature will sometimes reveal to her seeker? And oh, that dark wanderer; has Nature a marvel more weird than himself!"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I STRAYED through the forest till noon, in debate with myself, and strove to shape my wild doubts into purpose before I could nerve and compose myself again to face Margrave alone.

I re-entered the hut. To my surprise Margrave was not in the room in which I had left him, nor in that which adjoined it. I ascended the stairs to the kind of loft in which I had been accustomed to pursue my studies, but in which I had not set foot since my alarm for Lilian had suspended my labors. There I saw Margrave quietly seated before the manuscript of my Ambitious Work, which lay open on the rude table just as I had left it in the midst of its concluding summary.

"I have taken the license of former days, you see," said Margrave, smiling, "and have hit by chance on a passage I can understand without effort. But why such a waste of argument to prove a fact so simple? In man, as in brute, life once lost is lost forever; and that is why life is so precious to man."

I took the book from his hand and flung it aside in wrath. His approval revolted me more with my own theories than all the argumentative rebukes of Faber.

"And now," I said, sternly, "the time has come for the explanation you promised. Before I can aid you in any experiment that may serve to prolong your life, I must know how far that life has been a baleful and destroying influence?"

"I have some faint recollection of having saved your life from an imminent danger, and if gratitude were the attribute of man, as it is of the dog, I should claim your aid to save mine as a right. Ask me what you will. You must have seen enough of me to know that I do not affect either the virtues or vices of others. I regard both with so supreme an indifference that I believe I am vicious or virtuous unawares. I know not if I can explain what seems to have perplexed you, but if I can not explain I have no intention to lie. Speak; I listen? We have time enough now before us."

So saying, he reclined back in the chair, stretching out his limbs wearily. All round this spoiled darling of Material Nature the aids and appliances of Intellectual Science! Books, and telescopes, and crucibles, with the light of day coming through a small circular aperture in the boarded casement as I had constructed the opening for my experimental observation of the prismal rays.

While I write his image is as visible before my remembrance as if before the actual eye—beautiful even in its decay, awful even in its weakness, mysterious as is Nature herself amidst all the mechanism by which our fancied knowledge attempts to measure her laws and analyze her light.

But at that moment no such subtle reflections delayed my inquisitive, eager mind from its immediate purpose—who and what was this creature boasting of a secret through which I might rescue from death the life of her who was my all upon the earth?

I gathered rapidly and succinctly together all that I knew and all that I guessed of Margrave's existence and arts. I commenced from my Vision in that mimic Golgotha of creatures inferior to man, close by the scene of man's most trivial and meaningless pastime. I went on: Derval's murder; the missing contents of the casket; the apparition seen by the maniac assassin guiding him to the horrid deed; the luminous haunting Shadow; the positive charge in the murdered man's memoir connecting Margrave with Louis Grayle, and accusing him of the murder of Haroun; the night in the moonlit pavilion at Derval Court; the baneful influence on Lilian; the struggle between me and himself in the house by the sea-shore—The strange, All that is told in this Strange Story.

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[*] Besides the three great subjects of Newton's labors—the fluxional calculus, physical astronomy, and optics—a very large portion of his time, while resident in his college, was devoted to researches of which scarcely a trace remains. Alchemy, which had fascinated so many eager and ambitious minds, seems to have tempted Newton with an overwhelming force. What theories he formed, what experiments he tried, in that laboratory where, it is said, the fire was scarcely extinguished for weeks together, will never be known. It is certain that no success attended his labors; and Newton was not a man—like Kepler—to detail to the world all the hopes and disappointments, all the crude and mystical fancies, which mixed themselves up with his career of philosophy. . . . . Many years later we find Newton in correspondence with Locke, with reference to a mysterious red earth by which Boyle, who was then recently dead, had asserted that he could effect the grand desideratum of multiplying gold. By this time, however, Newton's faith had become somewhat shaken by the unsatisfactory communications which he had himself received from Boyle on the subject of the golden recipe, though he did not abandon the idea of giving the experiment a further trial as soon as the weather should become suitable for furnace experiments."—Quarterly Review, No. 220, p. 125-6.

[†] See, for Descartes' belief in the prolongation of life, Southey's Doctor, vol. vi. p. 2.

[‡] Chrysococcyx lucidus—viz., the bird popularly called the shining or bronzed cuckoo. "Its note is an exceedingly melancholy whistle, heard at night, when it is very annoying to any sick or nervous person who may be inclined to sleep. I have known many instances where the bird has been perched on a tree in the vicinity of the room of an invalid uttering its mournful notes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that it could be dislodged from its position."—Dr. Bennett's Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia.

But warming as I spoke, and in a kind of fierce joy to be enabled thus to free my own heart of the doubts that had tortured and weighed on it, now that I was fairly face to face with the being by whom my reason had been so perplexed and my life so tortured, I was restrained by none of the fears that my own fancy deceived me, with which in his absence I had striven to reduce to natural causes the portents of terror and wonder. I stated plainly, directly, the beliefs, the impressions which I had never dared even to myself to own without seeking to explain them away. And coming at last to a close, I said: "Such are the evidences that seem to me to justify abhorrence of the life that you ask me to aid in prolonging. Your own tale of last night but confirm them. And why to me—to lengthen the life that has blighted my own? How did you even learn the home in which I sought unavailing refuge? How—as your hint to Faber clearly revealed—were you aware that, in yon house, where the sorrow is veiled, where the groan is suppressed, where the foot-tread falls ghostlike, there struggles now between life and death my heart's twin, my world's sunshine? Ah! through my terror for her, is it a demon that tells you how to bribe my abhorrence into submission, and supple my reason into use to your ends?"

Margrave had listened to me throughout with a fixed attention, at times with a bewildered stare, at times with exclamations of surprise, but not of denial. And when I had done he remained for some moments silent, seemingly stupefied, passing his hand repeatedly over his brow, in the gesture so familiar to him in former days.

At length he said, quietly, without evincing any sign either of resentment or humiliation:

"In much that you tell me I recognize myself; in much I am as lost in amazement as you in wild doubt or fierce wrath. Of the effect that you say Philip Derval produced on me I have no recollection. Of himself I have only this: that he was my foe, that he came to England intent on schemes to shorten my life or destroy its enjoyments. All my faculties tend to self-preservation; there they converge as rays in a focus; in that focus they illume and—they burn. I willed to destroy my intended destroyer. Did my will enforce itself on the agent to which it was guided? Likely enough. Be it so. Would you blame me for slaying the tiger or serpent—not by the naked hand, but by weapons that arm it? But what could tiger and serpent do more against me than the man who would rob me of life? He had his arts for assault, I had mine for self-defense. He was to me as the tiger that creeps through the jungle, or the serpent uncoiling his folds for the spring. Death to those whose life is destruction to mine, be they serpent, or tiger, or man! Derval perished. Yes! the spot in which the maniac had buried the casket *was* revealed to me—no matter how; the contents of the casket passed into my hands. I coveted that possession because I believed that Derval had learned from Haroun of Aleppo the secret by which the elixir of life is prepared, and I supposed that some stores of the essence would be found in his casket. I was deceived; not a drop! What I there found I knew not how to use or apply, nor did I care to learn. What I sought was not there. You see a luminous shadow of myself; it haunts, it accosts, it compels you. Of this I know nothing. Was it the emanation of my intense will really producing this spectre of myself? or was it the thing of your own imagination—an imagination which my will impressed and subjugated? I know not. At the hours when my shadow, real or supposed, was with you, my senses would have been locked in sleep. It is true, however, that I intensely desired to learn from races always near to man, but concealed from his everyday vision, the secret that I believed Philip Derval had carried with him to the tomb; and from some cause or another I can not now of myself alone, as I could years ago, subject those races to my command. I must in that act through or with the mind of another. It is true that I sought to impress upon your waking thoughts the images of the circle, the powers of the wand, which, in your trance or sleep-walking, made you the involuntary agent of my will. I knew by a dream—for by dreams, more or less vivid, are the results of my waking will sometimes made known to myself—that the spell had been broken, the discovery I sought not effected. All my hopes were then transferred from yourself, the dull votary of science, to the girl whom I charmed to my thralldom through her love for you, and through her dreams of a realm which the science of schools never enters. In her imagination was all pure and all potent, and tell me, oh, practical reasoner! if reason has ever advanced one step into knowledge except through that imaginative faculty which is strongest in the wisdom of ignorance, and weakest in the ignorance of the wise. Ponder this, and those marvels that perplex you will cease to be marvelous. I pass on to the riddle that puzzles you most. By Philip Derval's account I am, in truth, Louis Grayle restored to youth by the elixir, and while yet infirm, decrepit, murdered Haroun—a man of a frame as athletic as yours! By accepting this notion you seem to yourself alone to unravel the mysteries you ascribe to my life and my powers. Oh, wise philosopher! oh, profound logician! you accept that notion, yet hold my belief in the Dervish's tale a chimera! I am Grayle made young by the elixir, and yet the elixir itself is a fable!"

He paused and laughed, but the laugh was no longer even an echo of its former merriment or playfulness—a sinister and terrible laugh, mocking, threatening, malignant.

Again he swept his hand over his brows and resumed:

"Is it not easier to so accomplished a sage as you to believe that the idlers of Paris have guessed the true solution of that problem—my place on this earth? May I not be the love son of Louis Grayle? And when Haroun refused the elixir to him, or he found that his frame was too far exhausted for even the elixir to repair organic lesions of structure in the worn frame of old age, may he not have indulged the common illusion of fathers, and soothed his death pangs with the thought that he should live again in his son? Haroun is found dead on his carpet—rumor said strangled. What proof of the truth of that rumor? Might he not have passed away in a fit? Will it lessen your perplexity if I state recollections? They are vague—they often perplex myself; but so far from a wish to deceive you, my desire is to relate them so truthfully that you may aid me to reduce them into more definite form."

His face now became very troubled, the tone of his voice very irresolute—the face and the voice of a man who is either blundering his way through an intricate falsehood or through obscure reminiscences.

"This Louis Grayle! this Louis Grayle! I remember him well, as one remembers a nightmare. Whenever I look back, before the illness of which I will presently speak, the image of Louis Grayle returns to me. I see myself with him in African wilds, commanding the fierce Abyssinians. I see myself with him in the fair Persian valley—lofty, snow-covered mountains encircling the garden of roses. I see myself with him in the hush of the golden noon, reclined by the spray of cool fountains; now listening to cymbals and lutes; now arguing with gray-beards on secrets bequeathed by the Chaldees. With him, with him in moonlit nights, stealing into the sepulchres of mythical kings. I see myself with him in the aisles of dark caverns, surrounded by awful shapes, which have no likeness among the creatures of earth. Louis Grayle! Louis Grayle! all my earlier memories go back to Louis Grayle! All my arts and powers, all that I have learned of the languages spoken in Europe, of the sciences taught in her schools, I owe to Louis Grayle. But am I one and the same with him? No. I am but a pale reflection of his giant intellect. I have not even a reflection of his childlike agonies of sorrow. Louis Grayle! He stands apart from me, as a rock from the tree that grows out from its chasms. Yes, the gossip was right; I must be his son."

He leaned his face on both hands, rocking himself to and fro. At length, with a sigh, he resumed:

"I remember, too, a long and oppressive illness, attended with racking pains; a dismal journey in a wearisome litter, the light hand of the woman Ayesha, so sad and so stately, smoothing my pillow or fanning my brows. I remember the evening on which my nurse drew the folds of the litter aside, and said, 'See Aleppo! and the star of thy birth shining over its walls!'

"I remember a face inexpressibly solemn and mournful. I remember the chill that the calm of its ominous eye sent through my veins—the face of Haroun, the Sage of Aleppo. I remember the vessel of crystal he bore in his hand, and the blessed relief from my pains that a drop from the essence which flashed through the crystal bestowed! And then—and then—I remember no more till the night on which Ayesha came to my couch and said, 'Rise.'

"And I rose, leaning on her, supported by her. We went through dim, narrow streets, faintly lit by mere stars, disturbing the prowl of the dogs, that slunk from the look of that woman. We came to a solitary house, small and low, and my nurse said, 'Wait.'

"She opened the door and went in; I seated myself on the threshold. And after a time she came out from the house, and led me, still leaning on her, into a chamber.

"A man lay, as in sleep, on the carpet, and beside him stood another man, whom I recognized as Ayesha's special attendant—an Indian. 'Haroun is dead!' said Ayesha. 'Search for that which will give thee new life. Thou hast seen, and wilt know it, not I.'

"And I put my hand on the breast of Haroun—for the dead man was he—and drew from it the vessel of crystal.

"Having done so, the frown on his marble brow appalled me. I staggered back, and swooned away.

"I came to my senses, recovered and rejoicing, miles afar from the city, the dawn red on its distant walls. Ayesha had tended me; the elixir had already restored me.

"My first thought, when full consciousness came back to me, rested on Louis Grayle, for he also had been at Aleppo. I was but one of his numerous train. He too was enfeebled and suffering; he had sought the known skill of Haroun for himself as for me; and this woman loved and had tended him as she had loved and tended me. And my nurse told me that he was dead, and forbade me henceforth to breathe his name.

"We traveled on—she and I, and the Indian, her servant—my strength still renewed by the wondrous elixir. No longer supported by her; what gazelle ever roved through its pasture with a bound more elastic than mine?

"We came to a town, and my nurse placed before me a mirror. I did not recognize myself. In this town we rested obscure, till the letter there reached me by which I learned that I was the offspring of love, and enriched by the care of a father recently dead. Is it not clear that Louis Grayle was this father?"

"If so, was the woman, Ayesha, your mother?"

"The letter said that 'my mother had died in my infancy.' Nevertheless, the care with which Ayesha had tended me induced a suspicion that made me ask her the very question you put. She wept when I asked her, and said, 'No, only my nurse. And now I needed a nurse no more.' The day after I received the letter which announced an inheritance that allowed me to vie with the nobles of Europe, this woman left me, and went back to her tribe."

"Have you never seen her since?"

Margrave hesitated a moment, and then answered, though with seeming reluctance, "Yes, at Damascus. Not many days after I was borne to that city by the strangers, who found me half dead on their road, I woke one morning to find her by my side. And she said, 'In joy and in health you did not need me. I am needed now.'"

"Did you then deprive yourself of one so devoted? You have not made this long voyage—from Egypt to Australia—alone; you, to whom wealth gave no excuse for privation?"

"The woman came with me, and some chosen attendants. I engaged to ourselves the vessel we sailed in."

"Where have you left your companions?"

"By this hour," answered Margrave, "they are in reach of my summons; and when you and I have achieved the discovery—in the results of which we shall share—I will exact no more from your aid. I trust all that rests for my cure to my nurse and her swarthy attendants. You will aid me now, as a matter of course; the physician whose counsel you needed to guide your own skill enjoins you to obey my whim—if whim you still call it; you will obey it, for on that whim rests your own sole hope of happiness—you, who can love—I love nothing but life. Has my frank narrative solved all the doubts that stood between you and me, in the great meeting-ground of an interest in common?"

"Solved all the doubts! Your wild story but makes some the darker, leaving others untouched; the occult powers of which you boast, and some of which I have witnessed—your very insight into my own household sorrows, into the interest I have, with yourself, in the truth of a faith so repugnant to reason—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Margrave, with that slight curve of the lip which is half smile and half sneer, "if, in my account of myself, I omitted what I can not explain and you can not conceive: let me first ask how many of the commonest actions of the commonest men are purely involuntary and wholly inexplicable? When, for instance, you open your lips and utter a sentence, you have not the faintest idea beforehand what word will follow another: when you move a muscle can you tell me the thought that prompts to the movement? And, wholly unable thus to account for your own simple sympathies between impulse and act, do you believe that there exists a man upon earth who can read all the riddles in the heart and brain of another? Is it not true that not one drop of water, one atom of matter, ever really touches another? Between each and each there is always a space, however infinitesimally small. How, then, could the world go on if every man asked another to make his whole history and being as lucid as daylight before he would buy and sell with him? All interchange and alliance rests but on this—an interest in common—you and I have established that interest. All the rest, all you ask more, is superfluous. Could I answer each doubt you would raise, still, whether the answer should please or revolt you, your reason would come back to the same starting-point, viz., In one definite proposal have we two an interest in common?"

And again Margrave laughed, not in mirth but in mockery. The laugh and the words that preceded it were not the laugh and the words of the young. Could it be possible that Louis Grayle had indeed revived to false youth in the person of Margrave, such might have been his laugh and such his words. The whole mind of Margrave seemed to have undergone change since I last saw him; more rich in idea, more crafty even in candor, more powerful, more concentred. As we see in our ordinary experience that some infirmity, threatening dissolution, brings forth more vividly the reminiscences of early years, when impressions were vigorously stamped, so I might have thought that, as Margrave neared the tomb, the memories he had retained from his former existence in a being more amply endowed, more formidably potent, struggled back to the brain, and the mind that had lived in Louis Grayle moved the lips of the dying Margrave.

"For the powers and the arts that it equally puzzles your reason to assign or deny to me," resumed my terrible guest, "I will say briefly but this: they come from faculties stored within myself, and doubtless conduce to my self-preservation—faculties more or less, perhaps, given to all men, though dormant in most—vivid and active in me, because in me self-preservation has been and yet is the strong master-passion or instinct; and because I have been taught how to use and direct such faculties by disciplined teachers; some by Louis Grayle, the enchanter; some by my nurse, the singer of charmed songs. But in much that I will to have done I know no more than yourself how the agency acts. Enough for me to will what I wished, and sink calmly in slumber, sure that the will would work somehow its way. But when I have willed to know what, when known, should shape my own courses, I could see, without aid from your pitiful telescopes, all objects however afar. What wonder in that? Have you no learned, puzzle-brain metaphysicians, who tell you that space is but an idea, all this palpable universe an idea in the mind, and no more! Why am I an enigma as dark as the Sibyl's, and your metaphysicians as plain as a horn-book?" Again the sardonic laugh. "Enough: let what I have said obscure or enlighten your guesses, we come back to the same point of union, which binds man to man, bids states arise from the desert, and foemen embrace as brothers. I need you, and you need me; without your aid my life is doomed; without my secret the breath will have gone from the lips of your Lilian before the sun of to-morrow is red on yon hill-tops."

"Fiend or juggler!" I cried, in rage, "you shall not so enslave or enthrall me by this mystic farrago and jargon! Make your fantastic experiment on yourself, if you will: trust to your arts and your powers. My Lilian's life shall not hang on your fiat. I trust it—to—"

"To what—to man's skill? Hear what the sage of the college shall tell you, before I ask you again for your aid. Do you trust to God's saving mercy? Ah, of course you believe in a God? Who except a philosopher can reason a Maker away? But that the Maker will alter His courses to hear you; that, whether or not you trust in Him or in your doctor, it will change by a hair-breadth the thing that must be—do you believe *this*, Allen Fenwick?"

And there sat this reader of hearts! a boy in his aspect, mocking me and the gray-beards of schools.

I could listen no more; I turned to the door and fled down the stairs, and heard as I fled a low chant; feeble and faint, it was still the old barbaric chant by which the serpent is drawn from its hole by the charmer.

THE "NASHVILLE" AND "TUSCARORA" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

WE devote page 97 to an illustration of the position of the pirate *Nashville*, and the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, in the harbor of Southampton, England. The correspondent of the London *Times* says:

> The new screw sloop of war *Tuscarora*, whose arrival was reported yesterday, is moored at the entrance of the Itchen creek, just at its confluence with the Southampton water, about a mile from the dock mouth. She has her fires banked up, and lies with two springs to her cable, ready to slip anchor and start at a moment's notice. The *Nashville*, which vessel the *Tuscarora* has come over to take specially under her watchful care and protection, still remains quietly berthed in dock, and no signs of getting up steam have betrayed themselves, although it was openly stated last night that she intended to venture out and put to sea this morning. However, the probability is, that, as the *Nashville* would not be able to cope with such a formidable competitor, both vessels will remain here looking at each other till the war is over. The *Tuscarora* is armed with nine heavy guns, while the *Nashville* is stated to have only two guns of somewhat inferior calibre. The former is a bran-new ship, just built at Philadelphia.
>
> As soon as the *Tuscarora* arrived here yesterday, Captain Craven communicated with the captain of the frigate *Dauntless*, which lies off Netley, expressing the regret he felt at hearing of the death of his late Royal Highness Prince Albert, and asking if there would be any objection to his firing a salute of twenty-one minute guns, at twelve o'clock to-day, in respect to his memory. Captain Heath replied that in consequence of her Majesty having requested that no guns should be fired in the vicinity of Osborne, the compliment, which he fully appreciated, could not be accepted.
>
> Yesterday evening Captain Britton, the American Consul at this port, went off to pay his respects to Captain Craven, on board the *Tuscarora*, and, it may be presumed, made such arrangements as will render it a matter of impossibility for the *Nashville* to make her escape.

The same writer says on the 10th:

> About ten o'clock masses of smoke pouring out from the *Nashville's* funnel clearly betokened that her fires were lighted and steam getting up, and the *Tuscarora*, which, as stated yesterday, is moored in the stream, immediately had full steam on, which was blowing off from her steam-pipe in volumes. A boat left the latter vessel about ten o'clock, and made her way toward the dock entrance, as if reconnoitring, and then hoisted sail and put back to the ship as fast as possible. Whatever may be the reason of the fires being lighted in the *Nashville*, certain it is that as the morning advanced the smoke gradually disappeared, no attempt was made to move her from her berth, and at this time (six P.M.) all things remain as they were, as regards the relative positions of the two vessels. Captain Craven still remains on board his ship, and has not yet come ashore.

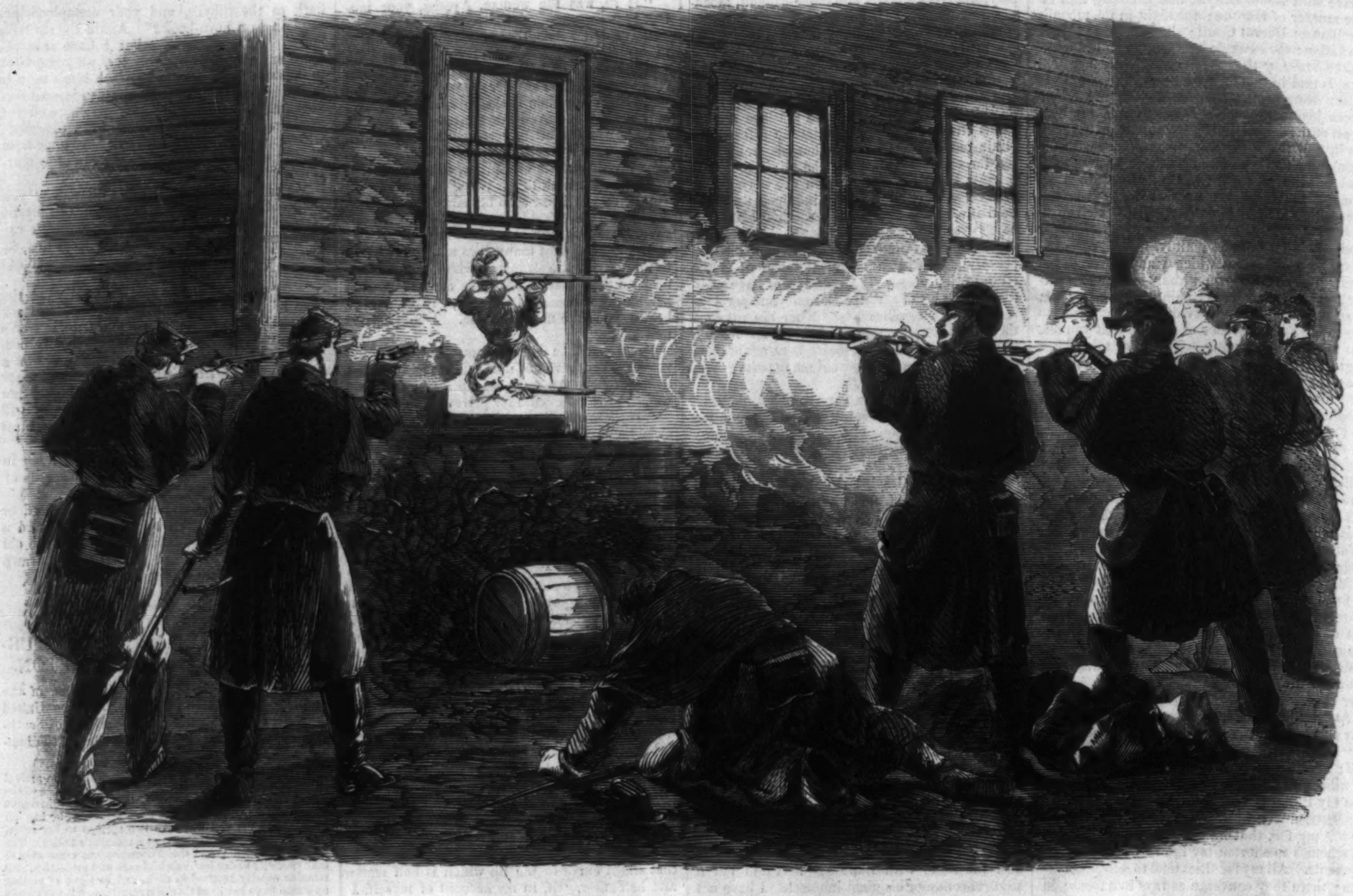
The correspondence of the *Post* says:

> Captain Craven, the commander of the *Tuscarora*, has been officially informed that he will not be allowed to make any hostile movement; that the neutrality of the port will be strictly enforced; and that, should the *Nashville* take her departure first, the *Tuscarora* will not be permitted to leave her moorings until twenty-four hours afterward. Captain Craven has, it is said, intimated to Captain Patey, the Admiralty agent here, his intentions to abide by these orders of the Government; and the same instructions have been communicated to Captain Pegram with regard to the *Nashville*, who has likewise assented to the same. To prevent any attempt on the part of the *Tuscarora* to evade the demands made by the Government, the *Dauntless*, which lies off Netley Abbey, about three miles lower down the river, has been fully manned and equipped. She has orders to keep steam up, and is brought to by a spring-cable, ready to prevent any act of aggression on the part of the Federal vessel. It is also arranged that, should necessity require it, the *Dauntless* can signal the *Warrior*, which vessel is lying off Osborne with her fires banked up. A gun-boat has also been ordered here from Portsmouth. It is not supposed now that there will be any more visits to the docks by the crew of the *Tuscarora*, or of a continuance of the excitement which has prevailed here during the last few days.
>
> It is said that the *Tuscarora* is very badly built; that her guns are too large and heavy for a vessel of her size and class, there not being room to work them properly. She is very leaky, and the men are obliged to be kept at the pumps; and it is the opinion of those who have visited her, competent to form an opinion, that she will not be able to stand the shock from such heavy metal as she carries.

The *Sumter* is hourly expected from Cadiz and Gibraltar to aid the *Nashville*, and more Federal steamers are likewise on the way to the British Channel. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

> But if the two Confederate steamers should happen to take or sink the *Tuscarora*, I need not tell you that all England would celebrate the victory. Of course, under these neutrality regulations, the *Tuscarora* can never take the *Nashville*, unless by a chance meeting at sea. There can be no pursuit after twenty-four hours. That rule gave some chance with sailing vessels, but there is none whatever with steam. Captain Pegram dined yesterday with his friends in London, when they celebrated the release of the rebel Commissioners.

Mr. Weed says that the people of Southampton, who have grown rich by trade with the United States, are now almost to a man against us.



BLOODY FIGHT AT OCCOQUAN, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

FIGHT AT OCCOQUAN, VA.

ABOVE we illustrate the recent FIGHT AT OCCOQUAN, from a sketch by our own correspondent. The *Times* dispatch said:

Rev. Mr. Weston, of Trinity Church, has brought in the particulars of a foray upon a gang of rebels on the Occoquan. He says they were holding a carousal in the house of one Porter, an old man, when they were surrounded by the detail of fifty men, and refusing to surrender, the firing commenced, and was continued until every rebel except two was killed. These two were Porter, who fought desperately to the last, and a young man who had been fiddling for the party. This latter was a citizen of Washington, and claimed to be a Union man, but was doubtless a spy, who had taken information from Washington to the rebels. The number killed was ten—nine Texan Rangers and one citizen who was present.

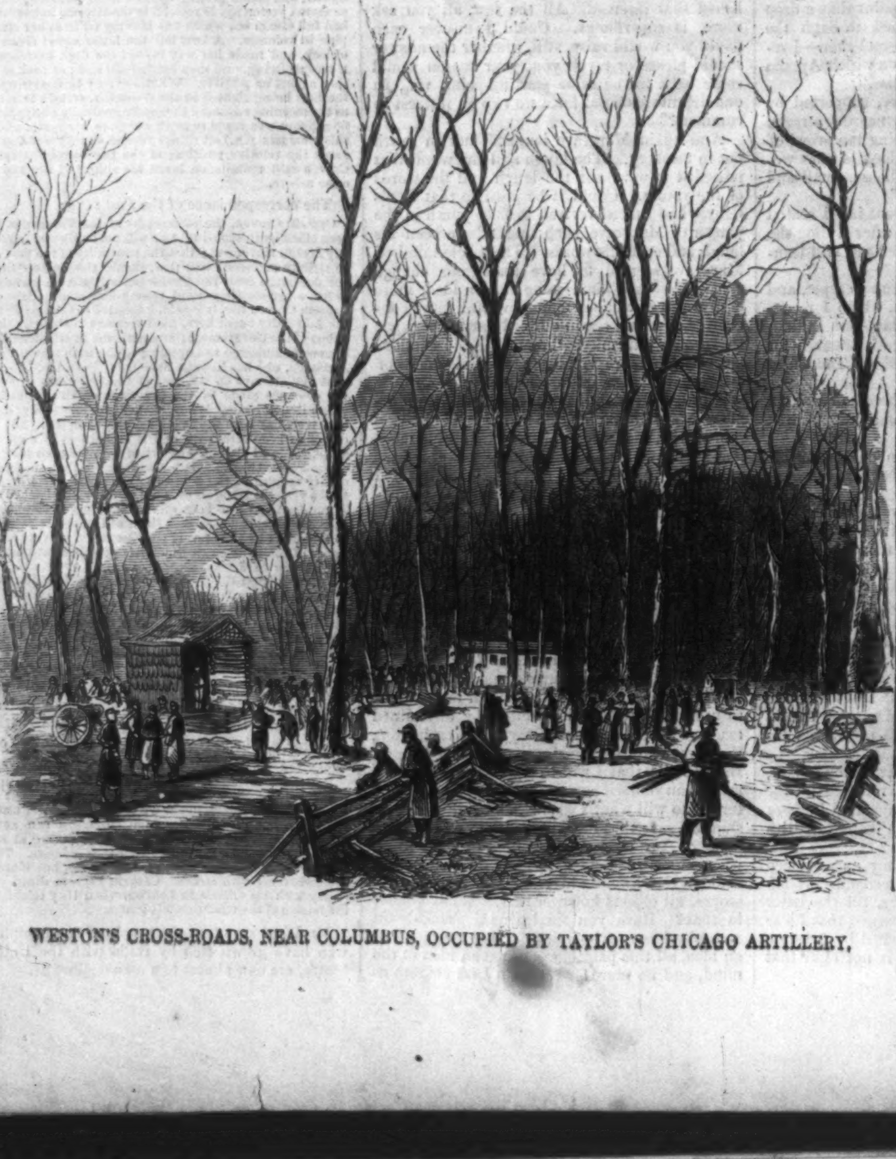
AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE AMONG SLAVEHOLDERS.

ON this page we publish an illustration of an INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE used among the slaveholders of Missouri. The correspondent who sends us the sketch writes:

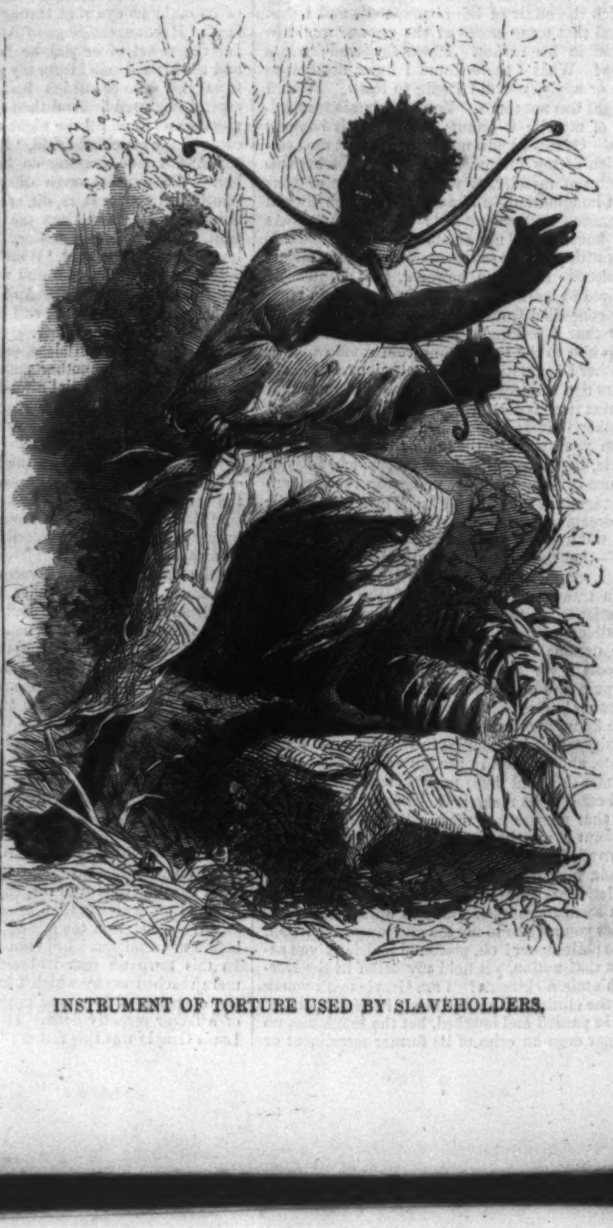
MONTGOMERY CITY, MISSOURI, *January* 24, 1862.

I send you the sketch of an instrument used by the secession slave-masters of Missouri to punish their negroes. Not long since one of these wretched victims came within our lines with an instrument of this description round his neck. It was securely riveted there, and required *an hour's filing* before it could be removed. This proved to be a very painful operation to the poor "contraband;" for his neck was so snugly incased by the iron band, and the instrument was of such a peculiar shape, as to render the operation difficult of accomplishment. The negro stated that he had worn it two months, and this statement has been corroborated by reliable Union men of the same county. The form of the instrument prevented him from lying down and taking his rest at night; and its weight and *close fit* rendered it very burdensome during the day. It consisted of a heavy iron ring, fitting closely round the neck, from which extended three prongs, each two feet in length, with a ring on the end. I suppose the design of the instrument was that a chain should be attached to it, and thus secure the victim beyond all possible hope of escape; but this negro had been running loose, with the thing round his neck, for two months; and finally, ascertaining that Federal soldiers were near, speedily repaired to them for deliverance from his tormentor. Of course he found the deliverance which he sought, and the instrument of torment is preserved by us as a mournful example of the deep degradation to which the soul, tainted by secession, may descend. It is needless to say that we did not send the negro back to his master, but so far as we were concerned, left him perfectly free to do his own will. The name of the person who has thus proved himself destitute of all humanity is Dudley Wells, of Montgomery County, Missouri. He is now a prisoner, held as a traitor to his country, and awaiting the punishment due his crime; and if he does not receive it at an earthly tribunal he certainly will at the tribunal of an outraged conscience.

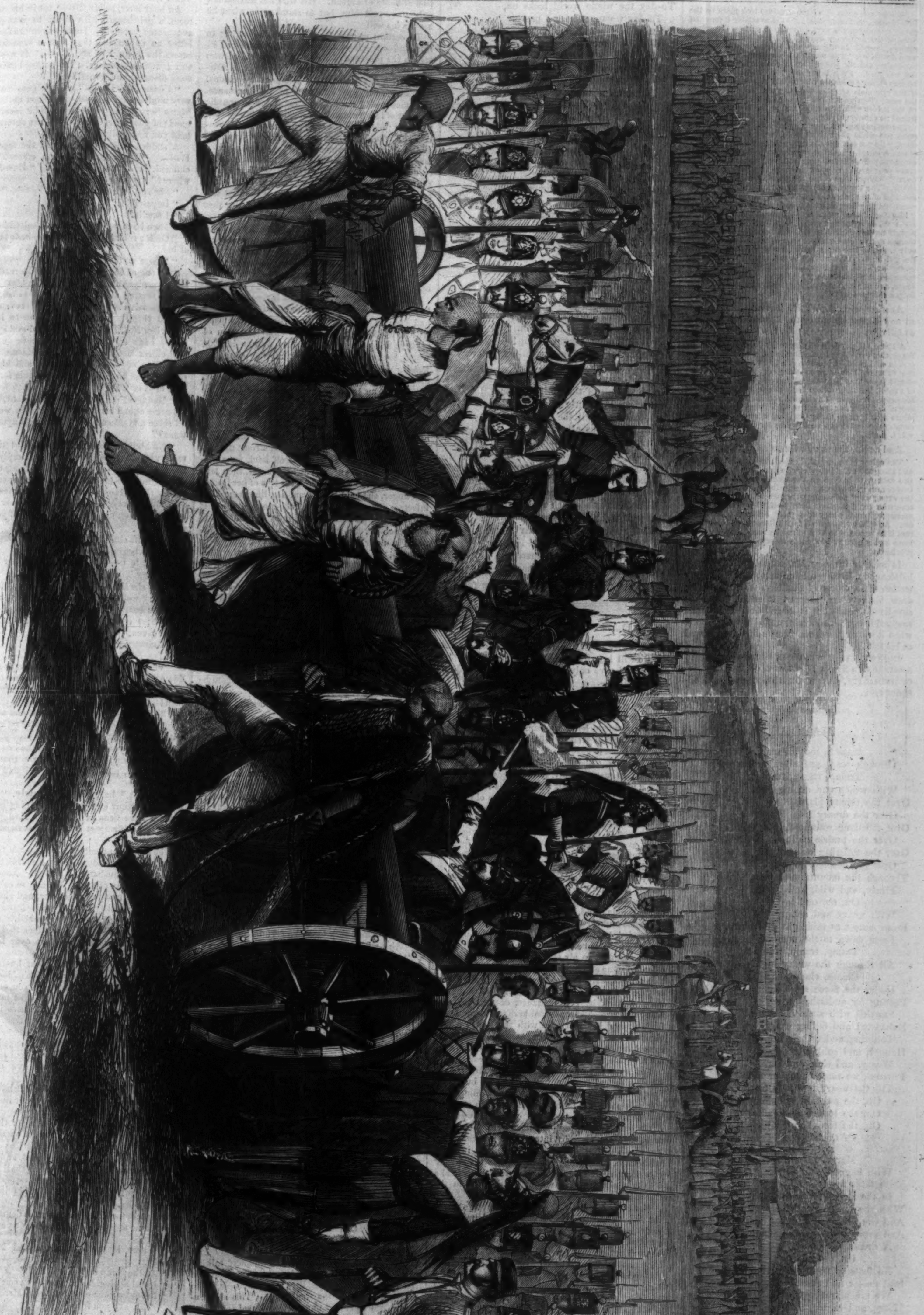
Sergeant CHARLES O. DEWEY,
Dodge's Battery, 4th Regiment Iowa Volunteers.



WESTON'S CROSS-ROADS, NEAR COLUMBUS, OCCUPIED BY TAYLOR'S CHICAGO ARTILLERY.



INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE USED BY SLAVEHOLDERS.



"BRITISH CIVILIZATION"—HOW THE ENGLISH TREAT PRISONERS OF WAR—BLOWING SEPOYS FROM GUNS IN INDIA. 1857.

THE BRITISH METHODS IN WAR.

We republish on this page, from the London *Illustrated Times*, an illustration which appeared in that journal in the year 1857, representing The Blowing of Sepoy Prisoners of War from the Mouth of Cannon. The circumstances of the case bear some analogy to those which are recurring at the present time in our Southern States. The natives of British India, whose grounds of discontent with their Government, unlike those of the Southern rebels, were substantial and grievous, rose in arms to strike for their freedom. The British Government, at first unsuccessful in its struggles with the rebellion, at length gathered up its energies and put them down. How it dealt with the prisoners of war taken in fight our illustration shows. The following extracts from British journals contain the narrative of a couple of executions:

> A late mail from India brought accounts of two such executions. On 12th June, at Pashawar, forty men were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be blown from the guns. The execution was a dreadful sight. Three sides of a square were formed by British troops, and in the centre ten guns were planted, pointing outward. In dead silence the decree of the court was read, and this ceremony concluded, a prisoner was bound to each gun—his back placed against the muzzle, and his arms fastened firmly to the wheels. The signal is now given, and the salvo fired. The discharge, of course, cuts the body in two; and human trunks, heads, legs, and arms may be seen for an instant flying about in all directions. As there were only ten guns used on this occasion, the mutilated remains had to be removed four times. All of these forty criminals met their fate with firmness, with the exception of two; and to save

time, they were dropped to the ground, and their brains blown out by musketry.

Another execution of a similar nature took place on the 13th of June, at Ferozepore. All the available troops and public establishments were convened to witness the scene. Some of the mutineers were to be hung, and around the gallows, erected during the night previous, the soldiers were drawn up. The mutineers were then brought into the centre, and the proceedings of the general Court-Martial was read. Upon being informed that if they would become Queen's evidence they would be reprieved, twelve of the criminals accepted the offer and were marched to the rear. Two were taken to the gallows. They ascended the ladder with firm steps, and to the last moment betrayed no emotion of fear.

The remaining ten were now led away to the artillery guns, and while their irons were being struck off some cried, "Do not sacrifice the innocent for he guilty!" Two others rejoined, "Hold your sniveling die men and not cowards—you defended your religion, why then do you crave your lives? Sahibs! they are not Sahibs, they are dogs!" Others then began to upbraid their commanding officer. The wretched beings were quickly fastened to the muzzles of ten guns, charged with blank cartridge. The commanding officer directed port-fires to be lit. "Ready!" "Fire!" and the drama was played out. An eye-witness says: "The scene and stench were overpowering. I felt myself terribly convulsed, and could observe that the numerous native spectators were awe-stricken—that they not only trembled like aspen-leaves, but also changed into unnatural hues. Precaution was not taken to remove the sponge-and-load men from the muzzles of the guns; the consequence was that they were greatly bespattered with blood, and one man in particular received a stunning blow from a shivered arm!"

Another witness, W. H. Russell, LL.D., then as now correspondent of the London *Times*, wrote as follows:

> A French General, in a letter to Sir Colin, expressed his regret that certain violences attributed to some of our officers in cold blood—I presume alluding to Hobson shooting the Princes of Delhi, and things of that sort—but he should know that here there is no cold blood at the sight of a rebel. . . . . . When Neile marched from Allahabad his executions were so numerous and indiscriminate, that one of the officers attached to his column had to remonstrate with him, on the ground that if he depopulated the country he could get no supplies for the men.—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 222.

And again, the same witness said:

> The officer in command (Renaud) was emulous of Neile, and thought he could show equal vigor. In two days forty-two men were hanged on the roadside; and a batch of twelve men were executed because their faces were "turned the wrong way" when they were met on the march. These severities could not have been justified by the Cawnpore massacre, because they took place before that diabolical act. An officer remonstrated with Renaud, on the ground that if he persisted in this course he would empty the villages and render it impossible to supply the army with provisions.

In another instance Mr. Russell stated that a helpless boy, leading a blind man, sought the protection of an officer of Fusiliers, when the latter drew his revolver, snapped it at the wretched suppliant's head—but it missed fire—cocked and snapped it again and again, until the fourth time, when it went off, and the "boy's life-blood flowed at his feet!"

In connection with the British protests against the Stone Blockade, on the ground of humanity, these reminiscences are instructive.

MARCHES.

March, march, march!
Through road, and alley, and street;
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With weary and aching feet.
Over the thirsty plain,
Over the dreary hill,
Over the dangerous ford,
Over the prairie chill,
Over the tottering bridge,
Over the desolate marsh,
Through the mountainous pass,
Flinty, and wild, and harsh!
On, on, on!
With weary and aching feet,
From sunset to midnight and dawn,
From dawn to the noontide heat.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
All through the weary night;
Clamp, clamp, clamp!
Under the fierce sun's light.
Peering for ambushed foes,
Startled with strange alarms,
Exhausted and falling out,
Tottering under their arms;
Hungry, and cold, and damp,
Weary, and sick, and sore,
Pursued, we must tramp or die,
Till the weary march is o'er.
Oh, the sad and solemn marches!
Oh, the long and dreadful marches!
Oh, the forced and midnight marches
Of the troops!

March, march, march!
With banners and pennons gay,
With faces happy and bright,
In the light of the early day;
With the burnished muskets gleaming,
And the blazoned banners beaming,
And every brave heart dreaming
A dream of victory.
On, on, on!
No footstep now moves slow;
Still fleeter and fleeter move,
We are marching on the foe!
Hurry, and hasten, and run,
Move fleetly, we care not how;
We are marching toward the foe,
And the toil is nothing now.
No matter how fast we move,
Our hearts are ahead of our feet;
Our faces are toward the foe—
Hurrah! let our steps be fleet!
With our hearts all on the fight—
For never a thought must roam,
As we march toward the foe,
To the loved ones left at home.
No time for tenderness now,
No time for the dreams of love;
To-day the whole world looks on,
To-day we must heroes prove.
Then march, march, march!
With hearts and footsteps light;
No hardship in the march,
When we march toward the fight.
Oh, the glory of the marches!
Oh, the thrill of forward marches!
Oh, the prayers that speed the marches
Toward the foe!

March, march, march!
The day is fought and won;
We are following their retreat,
Let us run, run, run!
Fleeter than frightened hares,
Pursue them as they flee,
And cheer, and shout, and sing
Wild songs of jubilee;
While every heart keeps time
To the notes of victory.
Dash, dash, dash!
Onward and ever on;
Clash, clash, clash!
The foes before us run;
Crash, crash, crash!
They are firing as they run.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
We can think of our sweet-heart now,
And how proudly she will view
Battle laurels on our brow.
We can think of them all at home,
Reading the battle news,
And talking of all the brave,
And giving us all our dues.
And so we march, march, march!
In our hearts but a single pain—
The thought of the brave, brave boys
Who will never march again:
The thought of the ones who fell
'Mid the battle's rush and roar,
And who ne'er will bivouac
With their camp-mates any more.
'Tis this alone that saddens
The grand pursuing marches!
The glorious forward marches
Of the troops!

Hattie Tyng.

MRS. D—— AND CAPTAIN L——.

In the city of Baltimore lives a lady named—No, we will keep back the real name from publication, and give only an assumed initial, calling her Mrs. D——.

Mrs. D—— is the wife of a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits. He is neither rich nor socially ambitious; though, by carefulness and attention to business, he has accumulated some property, and lives in good style for a man of his means.

Mrs. D—— is very much unlike her husband in some respects. Social ambition is one of her weaknesses. In marrying Mr. D——, whose father had been a mechanic, she felt that she was letting herself down; but, as the puny scion of an old aristocratic family that was decaying for lack of both moral and intellectual force, she wisely accepted the chance of being ingrafted on a more vigorous stock, even though, in her estimation, the quality were inferior. Of this, however, a fair difference of opinion may exist.

By birth and education Mrs. D—— considered herself a "lady." That is, a person of superior quality—made of finer stuff—than the great body of the people; and, for this advantage, entitled to deference and service from those who were held to be graded below her. Toward all persons who ranked in the same grade with her husband, Mrs. D—— assumed an air of dignified superiority that offended some and imposed upon others. Assumption always carries weight with a class. Her poverty before marriage—for the family had about exhausted itself by extravagance, dissipation, and want of thrift—had separated her from many early friends; and her marriage with the son of a mechanic, though a strong, true, and rising man, had caused others to drop an acquaintance which had not for some time been looked upon as desirable.

For several years after her marriage Mrs. D——, whose husband could not afford display in living, found it hard work to maintain her standing with any portion of the proud exclusives with whom it was her ambition to associate. Still she was ever at the gate, gliding in upon all accessible occasions, and holding a place by intrusion if not under acknowledged right. By flattery she kept in favor with some, and through them drew to the side of others, whose repellent coldness would have held a sensitive and truly independent mind far in the distance.

Such was Mrs. D——. As her husband's means increased she pressed him closely for a more liberal dispensation thereof at home. To this he yielded, even beyond his own judgment; but never to an extent that touched his safety. She dressed extravagantly; but he saw that her bills did not exceed a certain sum that could be afforded. Gradually, through elegance of attire and assumed importance, Mrs. D—— widened her sphere among the exclusives, and, in corresponding degree, drew off from certain excellent people, held as inferior, who had rather tolerated than enjoyed her society.

Thus it stands with Mrs. D—— at this present writing. To sum her up in a sentence, she is weak, badly educated, proud, vain, unrefined; the representative of a class of women who imagine themselves vastly superior to other people, but who have scarcely a claim to true womanhood—who call themselves *ladies par excellence*, yet have scarcely a lady-like quality. Mr. D——, on the contrary, is a man in the true sense. Honorable, brave enough to be independent and outspoken in the face even of public opinion, and with sufficient force of character to maintain himself in any right action at home or abroad. His wife has learned not only to respect him, but to stand aside when he asserts his will.

To certain women in Baltimore, belonging to this equivocal class, a new excitement offered itself in the presence of United States soldiers, who did the good work of saving that city from self-destruction, as we save a madman by chains. Treason foiled was splenetic in its impotence. Prudence sealed the lips and regulated the public conduct of large numbers of men whose hearts beat pulse for pulse with the open enemies of their country, and who, in all possible ways, gave them aid and comfort; but women could venture upon a larger liberty, and to their discredit must it be recorded, that some, who dressed in "silks and gay attire," wore gold and diamonds, rode in splendid carriages, and claimed to be ladies of the first water, stooped to acts of coarseness and vulgarity that would shame a market-woman. Unprovoked insults were offered to soldiers and officers in the street by these women, who even spat upon them in many instances; thus showing the depraved quality of their minds. Foremost in the practice of these indignities was Mrs. D——, who was encouraged by the class among whom she visited.

One day, fired by the almost insane malice of half a dozen free-talking women, with whom she had been in conference, Mrs. D——, in company with a friend, started forth to enjoy the pain of soldiers and officers subjected to wanton insults, which, because offered by women, they could not resent. Passing a soldier, Mrs. D—— purposely dropped her lace-bordered handkerchief. The soldier, under an impulse of politeness—at home he moved in quite as good, and certainly in a more cultivated society than the lady—stepped forward, and lifting the handkerchief from the pavement, offered it to Mrs. D——. There was an instant flash of contempt on her face, and a strong upward curl of her lip. She drew herself back for a moment, like one in surprise at a rudeness, then taking the handkerchief between the tips of her thumb and finger, she held it far from her, like something infected, and, moving to the curb-stone, dropped it in the muddy gutter. Not deigning to glance back at the soldier, she swept away with an air of dignified hauteur that, to her mind, was worthy of a princess. A jeering laugh from some vulgar fellows added to the soldier's momentary feeling of discomfiture.

Proud of her shame, Mrs. D—— swept down the street. In the next block she encountered an officer. Throwing upon him a look of supreme contempt, Mrs. D—— swerved from the right line of her course, and avoided him by taking a quick circle, that brought her crowding up against a merchant's show-window.

"One of your vile women, in gala dress," remarked the officer to a loyal citizen with whom he was walking.

"No; she is the wife of a Baltimore merchant," was replied—"a Mrs. D——."

"Formerly a servant-maid, or woman of the lowest class, judging from her manners."

"No; Mrs. D—— is from one of our best families."

"Heaven save the mark!" ejaculated the officer. "If she represents the best, of what style and quality must your worst be? But really, I thought her a woman of the town, and it was on my lip to address her in old Ben Jonson's salutation to the lady of rank who ventured a wanton insult—

'In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot—
Good-morning, Madam!'"

"I wish you had done so," was replied. "It might have suggested the bad reputation she was making for herself in the eyes of all decent people. But is there no way to check these insults?"

"I have made up my mind to check them in all instances where they exceed a certain limit."

"Ah! what is the limit?"

"My judgment of the insult, when it occurs, must determine."

"What will you do?"

"Hold the husband, father, or brother, as the case may be, personally responsible."

"Will the rules of the service permit this?"

"I shall not ask."

"Suppose the husband, brother, or father will not respond?"

"Then I shall govern myself by the law of circumstances. But of one thing you may rest assured—should I make a beginning in this matter I will see the end at all hazards. I do not belong to a quick-blooded race, but the blood once heated cools slowly. When we put our hands to the plow we never look back."

The officer and the citizen walked, conversing, for half an hour, when, being in the eastern part of the city, they took a car and rode up Baltimore Street. In passing Calvert Street the officer bought an extra from a news-boy, and was opening it, when the lady who had swept so haughtily around him not long before entered the car with her friend. Seeing the officer, Mrs. D—— gave a short, contemptuous "Oh!" and sat down just opposite. From her sneering face the officer dropped his eyes quietly to the paper he had just opened, and began reading. Mrs. D—— at once commenced talking aloud to her friend, and using the most offensive remarks touching the soldiers and the people of the States from which they had come. This she continued, the apparent unconsciousness of the officer increasing her irritation, and causing her to almost exhaust the vocabulary of low invective. As if she were not present, the officer read on. At last the car was in the neighborhood to which Mrs. D—— was going, and she nodded to the conductor. The check-string was pulled and the car stopped. Mrs. D—— arose, and, to her shame be it said, so far lost all sense of decency and self-respect as to spit in the officer's face.

Looking up with flashing eyes, and red spots burning on his cheeks, the officer said, as he drew his handkerchief and wiped the venom from his face—speaking with suppressed anger—

"You are no lady! If you were a man you would not leave this car alive!"

An hour later, as Mr. D—— sat in his counting-room, a gentleman, with whom he was partially acquainted, came in. There was in the face of the latter an expression that sent a troubled wave across the feelings of Mr. D——. It was threatening and mysterious. He arose, bowing with some distance and formality.

"I come, Mr. D——," said the gentleman, "on very unpleasant business An officer in the United States Service has received a public insult at the hands of your wife, for which he has determined to hold you responsible."

A sudden paleness overspread the face of Mr. D——. "My wife insulted an officer!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise. "How? when? where?"

"She spit in his face."

"Impossible!"

"I saw it."

"Then he must have grossly insulted her."

"On the contrary, he neither spoke to nor looked at her."

"Where was it?"

"In one of the city cars. He sat reading, and she, in company with a female friend, sat opposite. In conversing aloud they applied to soldiers the most offensive language, but he never even glanced toward them. Finally, they arose to leave the car, when Mrs. D—— bent forward and spit in his face. I saw it done, and there can be no mistake. The officer is Captain L——, of Massachusetts, a gentleman of wealth, education, and high social position, and he holds you responsible for the conduct of your wife."

"Madness!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing his arms above his head. "Has the woman lost all sense and decency! What does Captain L—— want?"

"Nothing unreasonable, Sir. But these outrages upon loyal soldiers, who are simply obeying the call of their Government and doing duty as it directs, must be made to cease. If the perpetrators shield themselves under the immunities of their sex, their next of male-kin must answer in consequences. You must bear the burden of your wife's deeds."

"My wife shall apologize," said Mr. D——. His mind was beginning to grow clear.

"Captain L—— can not call upon her to receive an apology."

"But she shall call upon him at his quarters."

"Very well."

"You bear a challenge?"

"No; I come to demand satisfaction. If that is not given, then—"

"I must fight."

"Yes, Sir."

"Very well. Here is pen, ink, and paper. Sit down and write a challenge in the name of Captain L——. Make it strong. Confusion take these women! Will they never cease playing the fool?"

The friend of Captain L—— sat down and wrote a very peremptory demand for satisfaction, closing with the sentence, "It must be prompt, full, and complete, or you will be held to the last resort."

In less than thirty minutes from that time Mr. D—— stood, pale, angry, and agitated before his wife.

"At last," he said, passionately, "you have completed your evil work. Warning and remonstrance have been of no avail. Had you no decency, no self-respect left? What fiend possessed you?"

The color went out of Mrs. D——'s face. Fear and alarm overshadowed it. Never in her life had she seen her husband so moved. Never had she felt in such awe of him. Usually so calm, his violence now almost appalled her, and she felt weak and vaguely guilty before him.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You spat in a gentleman's face to-day."

The crimson of shame crept over her countenance.

"Disgracing yourself and your husband in the very public eye; and now my life's-blood must be the penalty. The officer whom you outraged—a man of wealth and high position at home—holds me responsible for the insult. There is his challenge!" And he drew the paper from his pocket and held it forth.

Mrs. D—— shuddered and dropped nerveless into a chair. This was a great deal more, in the way of consequences, than had ever entered her foolish brain.

"Oh, Henry!" she sobbed, "what have I done?"

"Disgraced yourself and put your husband's life in jeopardy," was the stern answer. "And now, you must choose one of two things: the humiliation of an apology, or the loss of your husband; for I shall not refuse the satisfaction demanded, even though I never fired a pistol, and the officer knows his weapon. Of course, I shall fall!"

A cry of fear shivered on the air. "Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" followed in distressed tones.

"An act for which atonement is demanded; and there is no escape. It is my life, or your humiliation."

"Where is the officer?" asked Mrs. D——, faintly.

"At the camp on Federal Hill."

"I will apologize," she spoke in constraint.

"Let it be your own act," said Mr. D——, coldly. "I leave you free."

"Oh, Henry!" She was hurt by his manner "Can you think such evil of me?"

"It must be your own act," he repeated.

"You will go with me?"

"No; I shall take no part in this humiliation. If Captain L—— demands my life, let him take it. I am a man, and never did a mean or ungentlemanly thing that I should humble myself before another man. If you were brave enough to offer an insult, you must be brave enough to make an apology. The issue lies in your hands."

Mr. D—— was wholly in earnest, and neither the tears nor entreaties of his wife moved him.

Captain L—— was sitting in his tent, in company with two other officers, when a sergeant came to the entrance and said that a lady had called to see him. The two officers moved to retire, but he desired them to remain.

"Conduct her to my tent," said Captain L——, in answer to the sergeant.

In a few moments a handsomely dressed lady, with her veil down, entered. Captain L—— at once recognized her, and stood up with a grave, but not angry countenance.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, partly drawing aside her veil, and showing a very altered face from the one he had seen in the morning.

"Mrs. D——," the Captain answered, bowing. There was a quality of tone and air about the officer that inspired her with a feeling of respect. He merely pronounced her name, and then stood awaiting her further purpose.

"I am here to offer an apology for conduct that has no excuse. Will you accept the apology?"

"On one condition," replied Captain L——.

"Name it, Sir."

"That you promise, on the word of a lady, never again to insult a soldier or an officer."

"I promise," was the low answer.

"Then the past is past, Madam. And now permit me to conduct you from the camp."

And with bearing of a gentleman as he was, Captain L—— attended Mrs. D—— to the carriage in which she had come, and closing the door for her after she had entered, said, in parting,

"The lesson is a severe one, Madam; but the fault was grave, and constrained a harsh reaction. We are here as friends, not enemies; as gentlemen, not ruffians. At the call of our country, not to invade and wrong. We come to save, not to destroy. When will you learn to read events aright?"

And turning from her the officer went back to his tent, and the lady rode to the city, an humbler, if not a wiser, woman.

The story, as such stories always will, got out, and was repeated from lip to lip. From that time women of Mrs. D——'s style of thinking and feeling conducted themselves with a little more public decorum. It is quite certain that Captain L—— was never insulted again.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION AT HATTERAS.

WE devote pages 101, 103, 104, and 105 to illustrations of the BURNSIDE EXPEDITION in the gale off Hatteras, from sketches by our special correspondent with the expedition. The general newspaper dispatch said:

> The expedition sailed from Hampton Roads on the 11th and 12th of January, and consisted of over one hundred and twenty-five vessels of all classes. They arrived at Hatteras between the 12th and 17th instant, having been greatly retarded by the storms and adverse winds which prevailed during that time.
>
> After their arrival at Hatteras they experienced a series of storms of such severity that for two days in succession, on more than one occasion, it was impossible to hold any communication between any two vessels of the fleet.
>
> After the first storm it was discovered that, instead of vessels drawing eight and a half feet of water being able to go over the swash, or bars, as General Burnside had been informed, no vessel drawing over seven feet three inches could pass into Pamlico Sound. No vessel either could pass outside the bar drawing over thirteen feet of water, unless very skillfully piloted, consequently the steamer *New York*, on the 13th instant, struck on the outside of the bar. The *New York* was loaded with a cargo valued at two hundred thousand dollars, consisting of powder, rifles, and bombs, and proved a total loss. The captain and crew, after bravely remaining in the rigging for forty hours, were saved. The gun-boat *Zouave* dragged her anchors, had a hole stove in her bottom, and sunk. She is a total loss. Her crew and guns were saved. The steamer *Pocahontas* went ashore on the 17th instant, near the light-house, and became a total wreck. Ninety valuable horses belonging to the Rhode Island battery were on board of her, and were nearly all drowned, including several valued at five hundred dollars each. The *Grapeshot*, in tow of the *New Brunswick*, parted her hawser and went down. The crew were saved. An unknown schooner loaded with oats, and another schooner, name unknown, and six of her crew, were also lost on the beach. The steamer *Louisiana* struck on the bar, where she still remains. The report of her having been burned is entirely incorrect. She may get off. The *Eastern Queen* and the *Voltigeur* are also ashore. The latter will probably get off.
>
> The water vessels attached to the expedition had not reached their destination when the *Eastern State* left; and had it not been for the condensers on board some of the vessels, and a vessel on shore, the most terrible sufferings must have occurred among the troops. As it was the water casks were composed of old whisky, camphene, and kerosene oil casks.
>
> The current was running at the rate of five miles an hour, and the chop seas prevented General Burnside from answering any signals of distress or communicating with his generals. At one moment flags would appear with Union down on a number of vessels, indicating want of water, coal, and provisions, and then would be lost from view.

The special correspondent of the *Times* wrote on 23d:

> It commenced blowing yesterday noon, and by 2 o'clock P.M. we thought the gale had culminated. Mistaken mortals! We had not been "raised hereabout," and this accounts for our inexperience. During the night the gale increased, knocking up an ugly chopping sea, and obliging all the vessels to let go both anchors and pay out all their chain. Strenuous efforts were made to get the *Admiral* over, but the attempt proved abortive, and during the night-tide another ineffectual trial was made. It was a fruitless contest with the elements, and she remained foundering on the "swash." To-day, affairs in the harbor are in a deplorable state. The severity of the gale prevents all communication between the vessels of the fleet. The *Admiral* is nearly out of water; her coal is exhausted, and no coal means *no water*. A vessel with 300 troops (Massachusetts Twenty-fourth) on board, within as many hundred yards of us, has her colors set in the rigging, Union down. She is probably in the same condition with ourselves—no water on board. Here comes a boat from the *Cossack*, covered with the feathery spray. She comes alongside of the *Admiral*, and the officer hands General Burnside a message. It is a cry for water. Six hundred troops of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania Regiment on board, and six reporters, and no water—nor whisky. The General reads the letter with moistened eyes, and frankly informs the messenger that their only resource is to go to the *Southfield* for it. If the gale continues there will soon be water. Water nowhere, and not a drop to drink. There are, also, fears that the *Admiral* may knock a hole in her by this constant pounding on the hard sand of the midway "swash."
>
> Twelve o'clock, and no sign of the gale abating; on the contrary, otherwise. As far as the eye can discern through the drifting mist the bay is one broad sheet of white foam, resembling a plain of newly-fallen snow. Dark clouds sweep down from the north, and, with their murky edges, seem almost to touch the vessel's masts as they go careening by, casting their gloomy shadows over the fleet, which sways and staggers under the mighty storm. A single person here and there appears on some vessel's deck, holding on by the rail or rigging, and a few scattering groups are seen pacing the beach, as if in search of shelter from the fury of the blast. The tents of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, which were yesterday pitched upon the beach, have all been swept away, and the poor soldiers must have spent a fearful night, exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm; and yet there is a worse night before them. Beyond, where their straggling forms are seen strolling on the beach, the billows of old ocean break along the shore, tossing the spray from their snowy crests high into the air. It is a spectacle truly grand. Camps Wool and Winfield, as well as the Rhode Island Battery, whose unsheltered horses and men were only yesterday put down on the beach, must have suffered fearfully.
>
> General Burnside, who thus far has maintained his accustomed cheerfulness and resolution under all this load of responsibility, watches the careering storm from the deck of the *Admiral*, and seems weighed down with these accumulating misfortunes. His whole concern is for the army. Occasionally he is heard to exclaim, in suppressed tones, "This is terrible!" "When will the storm abate?" "The poor men, what will they do?" No one will wonder that such a man is beloved by his men. But he is not the Almighty, to say to the winds, "Be still." Nor a Moses, with power to smite the rock, and bid the waters to gush forth to supply their wants. They must wait on Providence, whose ways are past finding out, and who "doeth all things well." The General says he rests in the assurance that some wise purpose will be accomplished by those strange adversities. We are, he says, as so many grains of sand in the hands of the Almighty. The condition of Napoleon before Moscow, or the old Massachusetts Governor at the siege of Louisburg, seem only fitting parallels to his situation. Yet he seems as strong-hearted as on the day on which he set sail from Annapolis. With such a leader let no one despair of the result. The heavens are only overcast—the sun has not gone out.

The largest of the pictures on page 101 represents Fort Hatteras, with Fort Clarke in the distance. We illustrated the spot very fully at the time General Butler first occupied it. The view now given is taken from the inlet. At high-water the fort is an island, and the troops travel to the gun shown in the fore-ground of our picture on a plank-bridge resting on barrels. The stakes on the left of the picture mark the graves of soldiers; the building on the right is devoted to the condensing of water by the aid of patent condensers. Captain Morris, of the First Artillery, is in command of the post.

One of the designs at the top of the page shows us the steamer *George L. Peabody* unshipping the horses of the Rhode Island Artillery at Fort Hatteras. Another presents a view of the steamer *Zouave* sinking in Hatteras Inlet on 14th January; and also of the steamer *New York* on the bar, with her foremast and smoke-stack gone, and the hulk going to pieces. The third depicts the Hotel d'Afrique, a building erected near Fort Hatteras for the reception of contrabands. There are upward of forty there now. The darkey with the pipe is "boss" of the establishment, and obligingly sat to be sketched by our correspondent.

The difficulties attending the entrance of General Burnside's expedition to Pamlico Sound will be understood by reference to the CHART on page 103, reduced from charts of the Coast Survey Department, drawn by A. Schoepff, now General in our army in Kentucky. The shallow water is represented on our chart by tints, one showing depths of less than six feet, the other presenting water varying from six to twelve feet deep. Between the edge of the tint and the dotted line the water is from twelve to eighteen feet in depth, within the dotted line over eighteen feet or three fathoms. It will be seen that shallow sand spits, over which the sea rolls in dangerous breakers, extend from the shore into the ocean for more than a mile on each side of the narrow channel through which vessels pass into the Sound on the course indicated by the line. After passing the second inner buoy, a vessel bound into the Sound must change its course from northwest by west to northeast. After about a mile on this northeast course another buoy is reached, which is at the beginning of the shallow Swash Channel. The course from this point is north a little over a mile, when another buoy directs the pilot to a northwest course; and after a mile in this direction is passed two fathoms of water (twelve feet) is reached, and the navigation of a treacherous Sound is before him. So many shallow points lie about that only by this devious course of over six miles can vessels enter the Sound through this inlet.

To the west of Fishing Shoal is a limited anchorage for vessels drawing over twelve feet water. This is sometimes called Oliver's Channel, and is entirely unprotected from the winds; and here were the six-score vessels of our fleet tossed, careened, and dragged by the storm. The Swash Channel has but seven feet of water, except immediately after high winds from the northeast, north, and northwest, which bring water from the Sound. The gales which delayed the energetic General Burnside at the inlet brought a greater depth of water into the Swash Channel, which allowed the passage of his laden vessels through the intricate sand bars and shifting shoals. The figures on our chart indicate the depth of water where they are placed.

Throughout Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds are shallow banks which restrict the navigation of these bodies of water by even light-draught vessels to particular channels.

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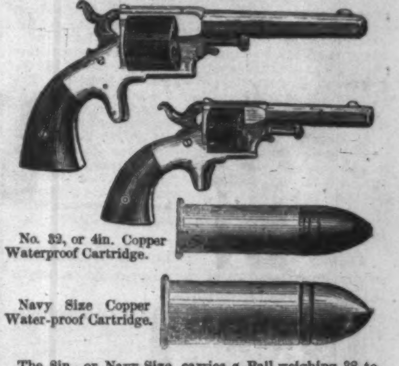

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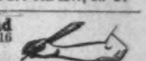

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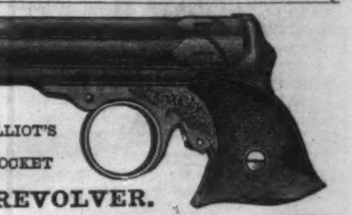

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